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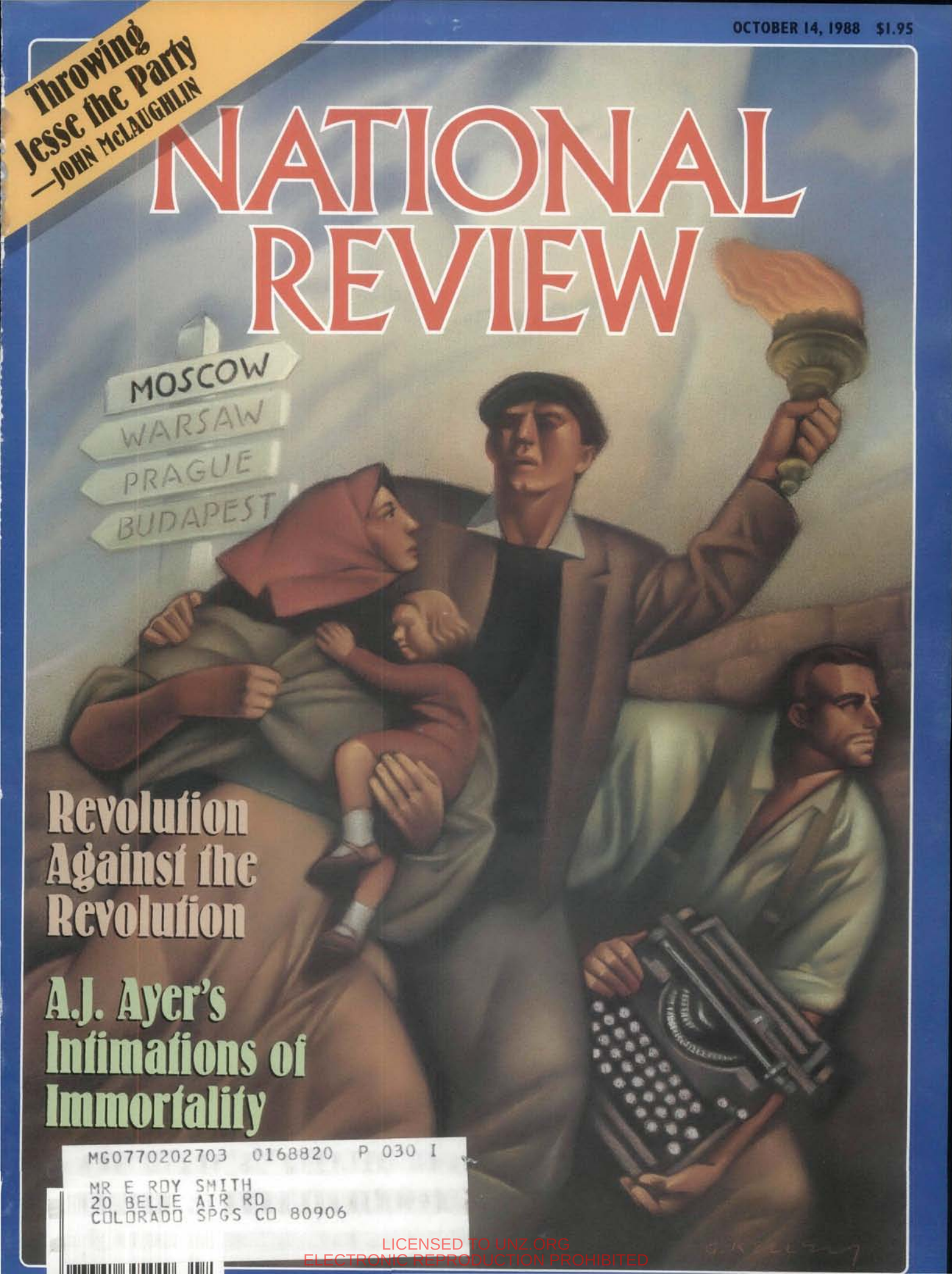
Throwing Jesse the Party
—JOHN McLAUGHLIN

NATIONAL REVIEW



Revolution Against the Revolution

A.J. Ayer's Intimations of Immortality

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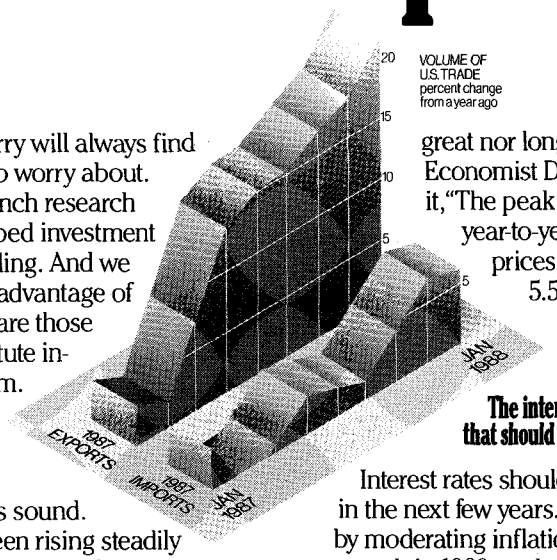
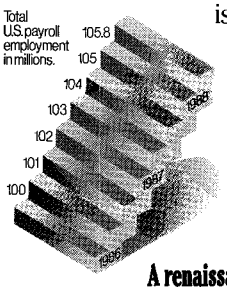
With so many things to worry about why are we so optimistic?



Those inclined to worry will always find things in the economy to worry about. But the fact is, Merrill Lynch research shows that many untapped investment opportunities are unfolding. And we believe the time to take advantage of them has arrived. Here are those trends. And what the astute investor can do about them.

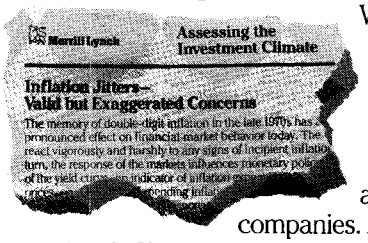
Economic forecast: up, down, then up again.

The basic economy is sound. Personal income has been rising steadily for the last few years. The unemployment rate is near a 9-year low, and the gross national product is advancing at a healthy pace. While our research shows the possibility of a recession next year, it should be modest in length and degree. And economic growth should resume by the end of 1989.



A renaissance of optimism for U.S. capital spending.

The American economy is undergoing a major change: the Industrial Renaissance. Exports are growing strongly. That means a rise in orders for American capital goods and an excellent long-term opportunity to profit from the rebuilding of our industrial base.


Merrill Lynch
Assessing the Investment Climate
Inflation Jitters—Valid but Exaggerated Concerns
The memory of double-digit inflation in the late 1970s has a pronounced effect on financial-market behavior today. The react vigorously and harshly to any signs of incipient inflatio turn, the response of the markets influences monetary poli of the yield curve is an indicator of inflation ex rising inflat

We also see emerging opportunities in selected high-yielding stocks such as those of utilities and insurance companies. And, as Merrill Lynch Chief Investment Strategist Charles I. Clough points out, "Foreign investment flows into dollar-denominated financial assets are likely to be increasingly supportive of the U.S. financial markets."

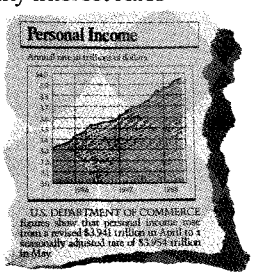
Inflation is up. But not severely.

While the drought in the Midwest is boosting food prices, the overall effect should be neither great nor long-lasting. As our Chief Economist Don Straszheim puts it, "The peak inflation rate, based on year-to-year changes in consumer prices, is likely to be about 5.5%, far below the 14.5% peak in the second quarter of 1980."

The interest rate outlook: something that should make everyone feel optimistic.

Interest rates should decline substantially in the next few years. This would be spurred by moderating inflation, slower economic growth in 1989, and a rising surplus in the Social Security trust fund, which will make the government a bigger customer for its own debt, reducing the amount it must raise from the public.

This means that U.S. Treasury bonds and high-quality corporate and municipal bonds—which are now paying healthy interest rates—are also likely to increase considerably in value.


Personal Income
U.S. DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE figures show that personal income rose from a revised $3,941 trillion in April to a seasonally adjusted rate of $3,954 trillion in May.

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For a fuller discussion of these opportunities, ask for our research report titled, "Unfolding Opportunities Amid Diminishing Expectations." Write Merrill Lynch Response Center, P.O. Box 30200, New Brunswick, New Jersey 08989-0200, or call 1-800-637-7455, ext. 7066, or contact your Merrill Lynch Financial Consultant.

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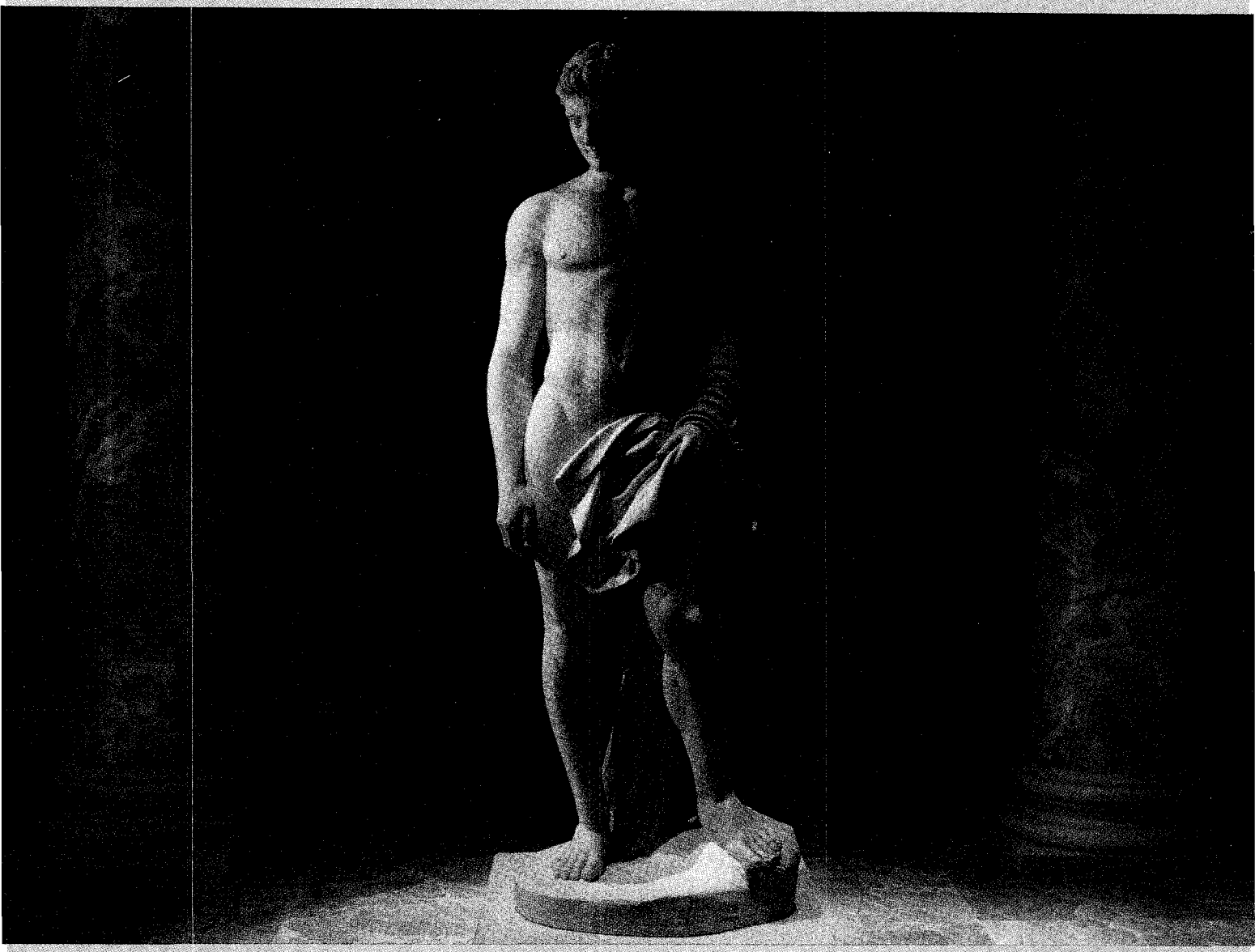

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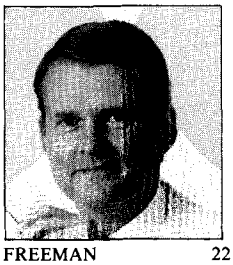
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LETTERS

Get Me Out of Here

As a former employee of a major Hollywood movie studio, I was surprised to see that Mr. Brooks was able to find a single decent person in the business to interview ["More Kafka than Capra," Sept. 30]. After three years I was compelled to leave, owing to my mental state, because of the self-serving, backstabbing, politically ignorant fat-cats who control the industry. The difference between the life that I was required to live to succeed at work and the person that I really was (semi-practicing Catholic, non-drug-user, well-read family man) put me in a very confused state of existence.

The gurus of tinsel town, the vendors of "compassion," are Sixties radicals whose vision of America is nothing like that of mainstream Americans; rather, Hollywood dreams of a socialist utopia. Don't get me wrong. I am not a closed-minded conservative: I am very open to a good argument from a radically different point of view. But the radical positions of the majority of those in the movie industry stem from a phony sense of compassion; a "gut-wrenching fear, heaving up to the level of hysterical desperation," in the words of Mr. Brooks.

Eric Croitel
Alexandria, Va.

Building Her Own Cross

It is disheartening to encounter creeping feminism in the pages of NATIONAL REVIEW, in the form of Nancy M. Cross's ill-considered words on Edith Stein (with whom my quarrel emphatically does not lie). Miss Cross ["Books in Brief," Sept. 2] calls for "a creative [*sic*] response to the questions that the women's movement has legitimately raised." This is like arguing that liberation theology raises legitimate questions about poverty. Moreover, while feminists, for purposes of self-aggrandizement, call themselves "the women's movement," alert conservatives do not. If there is any phenomenon in America that deserves to be called "the women's movement," it is the movement of Beverly LaHaye and Phyllis Schlafly, not, as Miss Cross thinks, that of "Gloria Steinem and Rosemary Radford Ruether"—the last being a self-styled "Catholic theologian" who has developed new liturgy to celebrate such crowning events in the modern woman's life as coming out as a lesbian. (I do not exaggerate. It's very difficult to parody feminists when they are writing for each other.) Unquestioningly accepting the logic of the feminist perspective, which rejects the existence of the Devil only to cast masculinity in his role, Miss Cross applauds Edith Stein for describing "the relationship of the sexes" as "a brutal relationship of master and slave." "Recognizing the problem," Miss Cross comments, "is always easy." Indeed, she alleges with evident approval, Edith Stein "isn't always sure that St. Paul reflected his Master's values in regard to woman." Given all this, Miss Cross's subsequently expressed approval of the exclusion of women from the Catholic hierarchy scarcely matters.

Indeed, Miss Cross sees even this exclusion in terms that can only be described as female chauvinist: woman, she feels, "cannot be the leader in a faith that elevates the servant, the submissive one." Thus even Miss Cross's extremely qualified endorsement of the female role still rests on a quest for dominance. In an era in which sundry conservatives (William Safire, Orrin Hatch, etc.) are blindly stampeding toward destructive "solutions" to delusory "problems" like "the wage gap" and "the day-care crisis," it is deeply to be hoped that NATIONAL REVIEW will not "broaden" its perspectives to the point of endorsing the movement that is the very fulcrum of what George Gilder has cogently described as "sexual suicide."

Nicholas Davidson
New York, N.Y.

Irish Eyes Ain't Smilin'

The offensive anti-Irish comment in "The Week" [Sept. 16] hurt this loyal reader, and I'll bet many more. Taking a stand against the IRA is one thing; saying "Go get 'em, Mrs. Thatcher" indicates a tacit approval of the status quo in the North, of which no democratic nation of the Western Alliance could be proud: extreme, unremedied job discrimination against Catholics, a shoot-to-kill policy against suspects, trial without jury, and intermittent internment without charge.

Bill Deckelman
Louisville, Ky.

One Man's Meat

You don't have to be a "Wagnerite" to disagree with Ralph de Toledano's re-

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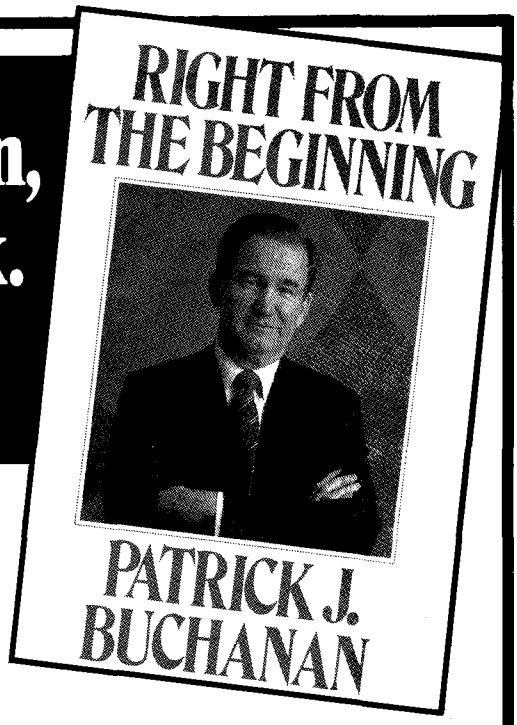

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view of the Wagner letters [Sept. 2]. Easy as it is to dismiss Wagner as personally repugnant, to dismiss his music is to throw the baby out along with the dirty diaper. It says something that the value of Wagner's music is still debated, does it not? No one debates the value of Meyerbeer's music any more. No one listens to it either.

Mr. Toledano writes: "It is a critical truism that Richard Wagner's influence far exceeded the worth of his music. As a composer he was long-winded, pretentious, and overblown; his 'contributions' to the art were for the most part extensions of earlier musical developments." Has Mr. Toledano settled once and for all the riddle of "worth" in music?

Is worth measured as innovation? To say that Wagner did not innovate but merely extended contemporary practice is like saying the Wright brothers did not innovate, but merely extended the use of metal, canvas, and motors.

How about worth as mass appeal? In his best "the masses are revolting" idiom, Mr. Toledano dismisses it by sneering at "rock 'n' roll." But who says that all rock is bad? Let me point out that Mr. Toledano's beloved big-band jazz, another mass phenomenon in its time, was seen by the great Richard Weaver as a sign of Western decline. Every idiom has produced good music. I wouldn't trade "Abbey Road" for all the Glenn Miller in the world, but if you want to offer some Tommy Dorsey or Nat King Cole, we could talk business.

So much for "objective" measurements of worth. It all finally boils down to subjective impression: taste. I'd like to suggest some critical truisms of my own: that beauty is in the eye of the beholder; that music critics tend to see their subjective impressions as objective facts; and that a work of art far exceeds the value of used newsprint. That is why we remember Wagner better than Hanslick, and why I find Ralph de Toledano more persuasive when he writes about politics. But then, I always find people persuasive when they agree with me.

Lee Dise
Omaha, Neb.

Eschew Obfuscation

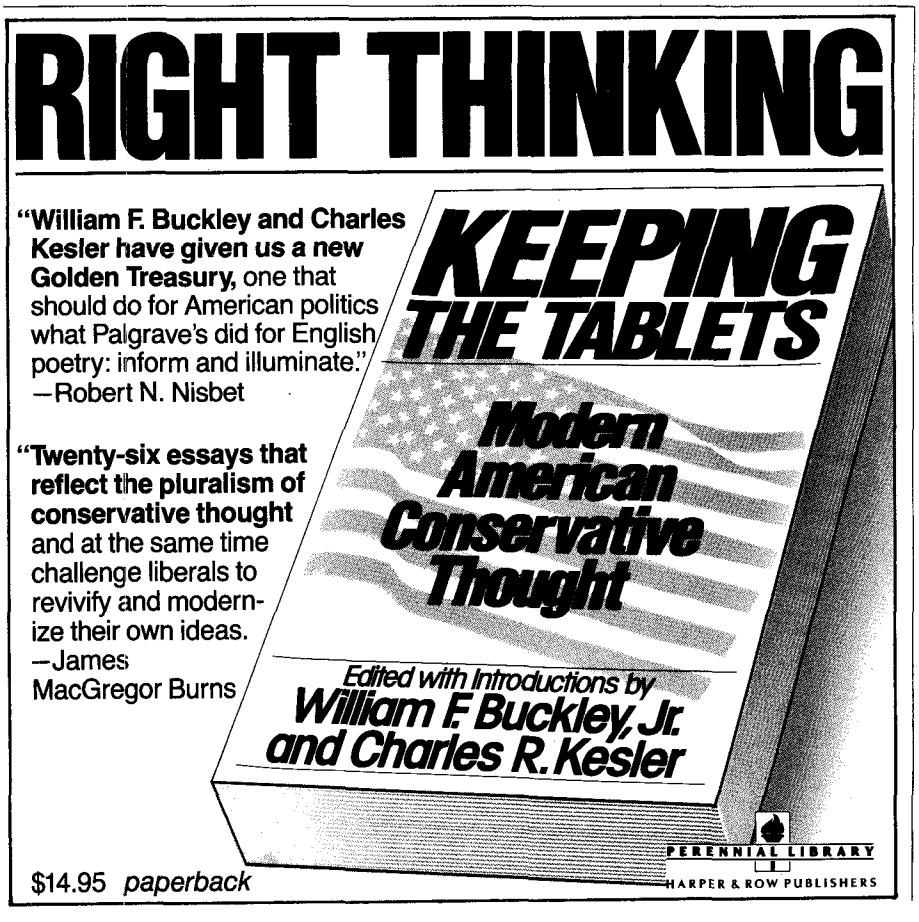
Your editorial "Economic Obfuscation" [Sept. 2] was aptly titled. It contained statistics that would confuse readers about our country's economic situation. It would have been helpful if *NR* had pointed out that the manufacturing part of American GNP is declining while the manufacturing part of Japanese GNP has risen from 28 to 36 per cent in six years. The U.S. has the lowest share of GNP engaged in manufacturing of any industrial nation, says *Business Week*. It also would have been instructive to point out that the U.S. is now "a net importer of high technology," according to Dr. Charles H. Ferguson of MIT in the *Harvard Business Review*. NATIONAL REVIEW'S editorials on economics would be more useful to its readers if they contained more factual information and less cheerleading.

Anthony Harrigan
U.S. Business and Industrial Council
Washington, D.C.

Facts Are Stubborn Things

The manufacturing component of the U.S. index of industrial production rose from about 100 at the end of 1982 to 141.9 this June—an increase of 42 per cent. Since real GNP increased by "only" 26 per cent in the same period, manufacturing obviously increased relative to GNP as well. In some other countries, manufacturing increased relative to GNP only because of weakness in other important components of GNP—such as housing, communications, farming, and services. Over longer periods, manufacturing has declined relative to GNP in *all* advanced countries—including Japan—as more affluent consumers demanded better housing, education, and medical care, rather than another car or dress. Manufactured goods are valued, after all, for the services they provide (cars provide one form of transportation service, telephones and modems provide communications services).

The U.S. is both a major exporter and importer of high-tech products, which is to be expected in a dynamic economy. Strong economies use their own machinery to expand future production, so less of that machinery is available for export, while weak economies instead export such capital to those who can put it to better use. Commerce Department data show U.S. high-tech exports rising from $55 billion in 1980 to $84 billion in 1987, with a small surplus over imports. Dr. Ferguson's article emphasizes semiconductors, where an industry group claims the U.S. had "only" 43 per cent of the world market in 1986, compared to Japan's 45 per cent. But what about the commanding lead of the United States in microprocessors and software? The U.S. imports low-priced semiconductors and components, adds expensive domestic microprocessors, then assembles computers, cars, and communications equipment, with a higher value added. It would be useful if those looking for clouds during an obvious manufacturing boom paid the slightest attention to the silver lining. —ED.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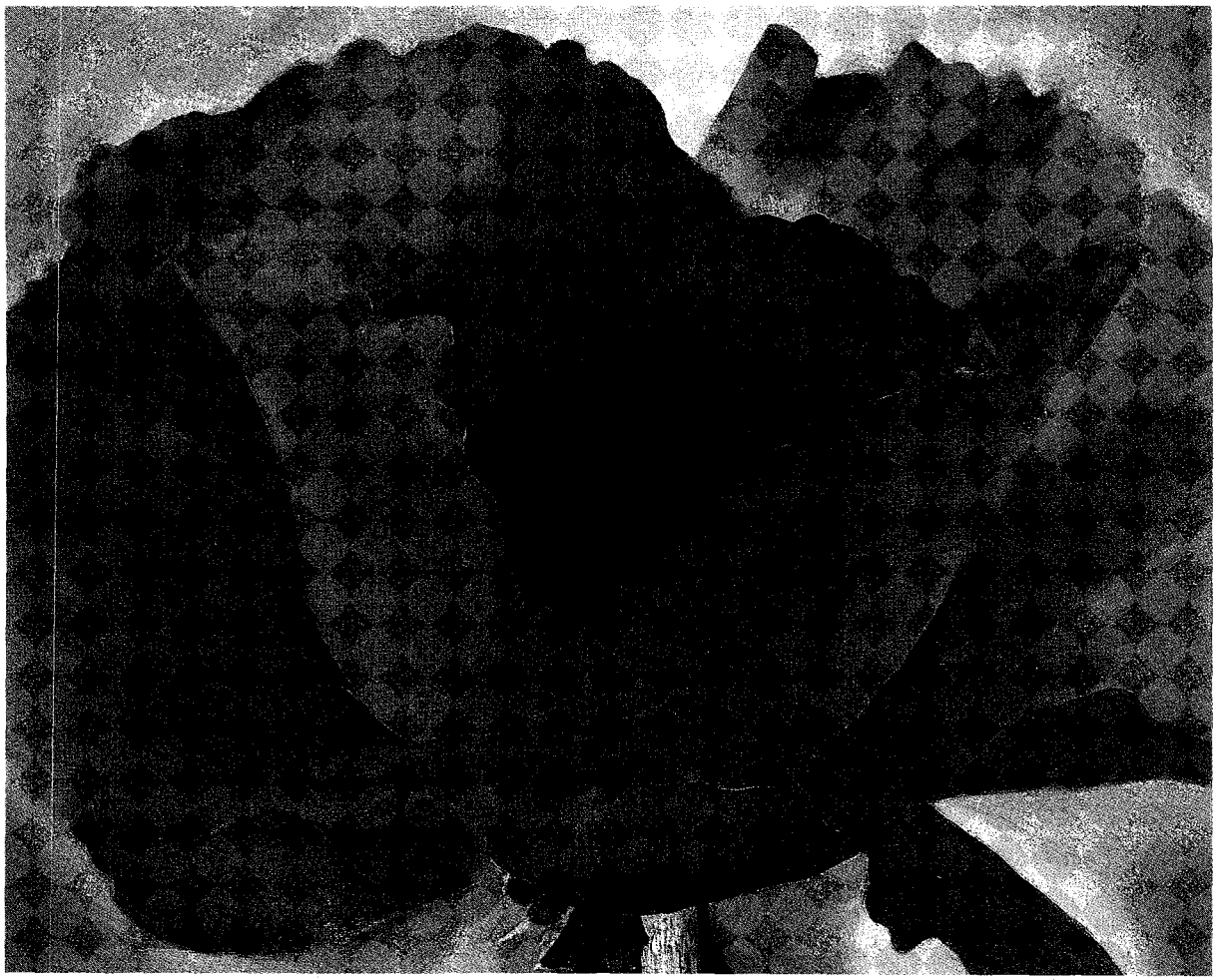
"Still–in a way–nobody sees a flower–really–
it is so small–we haven't time–
and to see takes time, like to have a friend takes time."
—Georgia O'Keeffe



Red Poppy, 1927 *Oil on canvas 7" × 9", Private collection, Geneva* *Photography by Malcolm Varon*

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FOR THE RECORD

Four days before the debate, the last of the major polls (ABC/*Washington Post*) agreed with other leading pollsters (CBS/*NYT*, NBC/*Wall Street Journal*, **Gallup**) that **Bush** now leads **Dukakis** by four to eight points. All polls agree Bush has won back lots of wavering **Reagan** Democrats. Explains West Coast pollster **Mervin Field**, before Atlanta what we had was a referendum on Bush, and people were not "enthralled" with him. "The Dukakis page was unwritten and, unfortunately for Dukakis, since the Democratic convention the entries have been more negative than positive." Field says Bush is now ahead in 19 states with 156 electoral votes, Dukakis in 14, with 132 electoral votes. A month earlier, Dukakis led in 24 states with 353 electoral votes—enough to win. . . . Dukakis has insisted that the campaign is about "competence." CBS/*NYT* poll indicates 51 per cent of voters perceive Bush as more competent, to 32 per cent for Dukakis. . . . That M-1 tank ride didn't help. Columnist **Don Feder** calls that episode "**Pee Wee**'s armored adventure." (It has become this campaign's killer rabbit.) *Boston Herald* finds 25 per cent less likely to vote for Dukakis on account of M-1 incident. . . . One reason Dukakis didn't join in early **Quayle**-bashing: Quayle and **Bentsen** have voted same way more than 50 per cent of the time, says *Congressional Quarterly*.

Other races: In Wisconsin, **Susan Engeleiter** beat out conservative **Stephen King** to win GOP senatorial nomination for **Proxmire** seat. She will face industrialist **Herbert Kohl**. Miss Engeleiter is only woman nominated thus far for Senate; the only black senatorial nominees, **Alan Keyes** (Md.) and **Maurice Dawkins** (Va.), are also Republicans—so much for party of intolerance. . . . Conservatives took another beating in Vermont, where Rep.

Shailo, *Daily Telegraph* / Rothco

"Perhaps he's a U.S. reporter."

James M. Jeffords won GOP nomination for **Robert Stafford**'s seat. . . . It was cliffhanger in Delaware, where Democratic Lieut. Gov. **S. B. Woo** was first declared loser, then winner in tight primary. He is not given much chance against Republican incumbent **William Roth**. . . . Campaign is getting rough in Nebraska, where Democratic senatorial contender **Bob Kerrey** is refusing to share a debate platform with **Ernie Chambers** of radical New Alliance Party ("I have said that a party of 14 members that holds its nominating convention in Booth No. 2 at Denny's restaurant should not be included"). Kerrey now leads Republican Sen. **David Karnes** 51 to 33 per cent. Chambers, a state senator, clocks in with 4 per cent. His rhetoric tends to extremism. Ronald Reagan "is a **Rambo**-esque character in the last stages of senility."

Jane's Defense Weekly of London charges Cubans are using Soviet-supplied mustard and nerve gases against **Jonas Savimbi**'s freedom-fighters in Angola. Dr. **Aubin Hendricks** bases charge on environmental samples taken from Angolan battle areas attacked by Cubans in April. . . . The 101-nation Nonaligned Movement seems to have learned nothing since the Bandung heyday of the grandstanding **Nehrus**, **Sukarnos**, and **Titos**. They concluded this year's Cyprus meeting with ringing denunciations of U.S., South Africa, and Israel, and a rousing vote of support for **Daniel Ortega**'s Sandinistas. . . . **Mikhail Gorbachev** was drubbed by Albania's theoretical monthly *Rruga e Partise*, reports Radio Free Europe, for "leading the Soviet economy toward capitalist stagnation." . . . Socialist Premier **Ingvar Carlsson** says his return to office means Sweden can resume her leftist course internationally and "hopes there may be a chance for a Democratic Administration if I may interfere in the U.S. election." . . . And **Gus Hall**, secretary general of CPUSA, in a toast to North Korean dictator **Kim Il Sung** shortly before start of the Olympics, assured him that the American Communist Party continues "to focus on the multinational corporations—General Motors, General Electric, General Foods, and, of course, the Pentagon generals."

Here and there, Right & Left: **David Prosperi** has moved from press spokesman for Interior Secretary **Don Hodel** to same position on Dan Quayle staff. . . . **Pat Korten**, **Ed Meese**'s spokesman at Justice in final months, is at Heritage Foundation, as is former presidential candidate **Jack Kemp**, a newly appointed Heritage Fellow. . . . **John Quilhot**, one of the *Dartmouth Review* Four, has been working as intern on Quayle staff (yes, Quayle knew who he was before he hired him). . . . **Edward Teller** will be this year's recipient of **Shelby Cullom Davis** award at annual banquet of **Ernest Lefever**'s Ethics and Public Policy Center, Washington, Nov. 16. . . . Big turnout Sept. 13 to mark tenth anniversary of veteran anti-Communist **Freda Utley**'s death. . . . And **Geraldine Ferraro** was featured lecturer Sept. 8 at U. of Southern Florida, Tampa campus. Her topic: "The State of Ethics in American Society in the 1980s."

From MediaWatch's "Notable Quotables," **Pat Buchanan**'s answer when **Tom Braden** asked why he hadn't seen *The Last Temptation of Christ*: "You don't have to lift the sewer cap to know what's in the sewer."

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THE WEEK

☐ Several Bentsen sightings have been reported in various parts of the country, but so far none has been confirmed. And a California woman claims to have seen Elvis, alive.

☐ It's sometimes overlooked, but Ronald Reagan is still President, and still very much on the job. Without getting much publicity, he has taken some interesting steps lately. Among other things, he has: ordered a study of ways to reduce taxes on families; ordered the Departments of Education and Health & Human Services to see that federally funded sex-education materials for teenagers encourage abstinence; ordered Justice to draft an Executive Order banning the sale of pornography on federal lands and in federal stores; and moved to stop experimentation on unborn and newborn children. He is also seeking to allow public-housing residents to buy and manage the units they live in. All of which suggests that Mr. Reagan, contrary to a widespread impression, hasn't quite lost interest in his office, or in the conservative vision, or in making the *New York Times* apoplectic.

☐ Since *The New Republic* has been thrashing George Bush for Questioning Dukakis's Patriotism, we were interested to note an item in a recent issue disparaging the Pledge debate as "ridiculous" and noting: "Even patriots are only mumbling along [with the Pledge]." *Even* patriots? Are patriots some sort of fringe group, to be discussed in the third person? Aren't we *all* patriots? Apparently not. At least not when we (we liberals) are talking among ourselves.

A Change of Pace

They strapped a helmet on his head
  Inside an Abrams tank,
And with the TV cameramen
  Assembled on his flank,
Dukakis clanked across the field
  To hit the evening news,
Revealing inadvertently
  A talent to amuse.

W. H. von Dreele

☐ Even non-patriots raised eyebrows when Jim Wright announced: "We had received clear testimony from CIA people that they have deliberately done things to provoke an overreaction on the part of the government of Nicaragua." The "provocation," in this case, was a peaceful demonstration on July 10 that Sandinista forces broke up with clubs and tear gas. Wright has thus helped legitimate Sandinista repression by disclosing the CIA's role. And that's not all. "What is unusual in today's development is that Mr. Wright seemed to be publicly confirming information given to Congress on a confidential basis," notes the *New York Times*. Congress first demanded knowledge of CIA covert operations on the clear understanding that it would keep the secrets. But it has increasingly subverted those operations by leaking them to the press. This time Wright didn't even bother with a leak: he gave the information at his daily press briefing. Another triumph of partisanship over patriotism, for which Daniel Ortega must be grateful.

☐ Mike Dukakis has decided to change his image. TV viewers have seen him visiting Ellis Island to say the Pledge, strutting around with police officers, and riding in an M-1 tank—Commander-in-Chief Beetle Bailey. It was roughly as if George Bush were to dramatize his compassion by sleeping on a grate with the winos. We hear America giggling.

☐ Brezhnev's son-in-law Yuri Churbanov is guilty as charged and will in due course be sentenced. By putting him on trial Mikhail Gorbachev is revealing to the world—and, more importantly, to the Soviet people—that the Brezhnev regime was corrupt and corrupting. But Churbanov's punishment won't put an end to corruption in the Soviet Union—that's impossible. The system—Communist doctrine—that forbids the amassing of private capital or private property means that the Soviet elite will in the future as in the past feather its nest through the dispensation of special privileges: special stores, fancy dachas, sleek limousines, modern apartments, good food and drink, cushy jobs, skilled medical care, elite schools. The system itself is evil, not the poor chump who gets caught trying to beat it.

☐ *NR* contributor Constantine Menges has written a

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

THE FUTURE of the Republican Party is strolling down a litter-strewn avenue in East Baltimore. It is the middle of a Thursday afternoon, but there are plenty of people for him to talk to. On East Euclid Avenue, jobs are almost as scarce as Republicans, and loitering seems to be the career not of choice but of circumstance.

So Alan Keyes does what any stumping politician might do: he stops and chats with the locals. But the locals are wary of chatting with the politician. For one thing, many of them have never seen a pol in their neighborhood before; they wonder if Keyes is an undercover cop. For another, they don't like politicians. "They make all kinds of promises they never keep. Just look around you," snorts Abraham Yancy, sitting on the porch stoop of the house he has occupied since 1921, surveying the urban squalor surrounding him. "If they promised this they never would have gotten elected."

Keyes may not win the election, but at least he's not making the same promises as all the other politicians. He is running for the U.S. Senate, running against a two-term liberal Democratic incumbent, running by telling people in places like East Baltimore that he wants to help them help themselves. Maryland has seen Republicans wage hopeless battles before. But never has one of those Republicans stumped for votes in East Baltimore, where crime and decay have flourished during decades of unquestioned local Democratic rule.

That is one of the things that makes Keyes's candidacy different from every other uphill Republican quest in the United States. Keyes is young (38), highly educated (he holds a Ph.D. from Harvard), highly credentialed (until last year, he was Assistant Secretary of State for International Organization Affairs), and highly articulate (he shifts easily from a discussion of the Platonic conception of the soul to a debate on the shortcomings of U.S. policy toward South Africa). Keyes is also black.

Which means that his candidacy seeks more than the upset of a single Democratic incumbent. It seeks to shatter the national Democratic stranglehold on black voters. Since the Depression, blacks have voted routinely and overwhelmingly for Democrats, which has set a vicious circle in motion: Democrats have taken the black vote for granted; Republicans have given up on the black vote altogether. And so the political system has become wholly unresponsive to the needs of a substantial portion of the citizenry.

Republican strategists speak of "inclusiveness" as the key to the party's success. Their argument runs something like this. Blacks and other minorities have grown restive with their status in the Democratic Party, so now is the time: the Republican Party must break out of the country-club stereotype and win, from the ranks of the Democratic special-interest coalition, converts to the conservative faith in self-governance and personal initiative. And the only way that will happen is if individual leaders of the Republican Party take it upon themselves to make it so.

If anyone can fill the role of conservative evangelist, it is Keyes. He speaks passionately of the "empowerment" of those inner-city residents burdened with "the sense of powerlessness."

In the place of state-run housing—housing that leaves residents imprisoned in a slum—Keyes supports tenant management and ownership. In place of mandatory attendance at substandard schools, Keyes champions vouchers. Like many good politicians, Keyes advocates lower taxes and a more exacting criminal-justice system. More interestingly, he talks of developing "urban townships" where local residents would have direct control over many aspects of their lives—education, maintenance, security—that are now controlled by city and state government.

His message stands in refreshing contrast to that of Jesse Jackson, another black politician who speaks of "empowerment." Jackson's conception of empowerment, of course, involves the strengthening of a political coalition to effect an expansion of the welfare state. "That," asserts Keyes, "is the opposite of empowerment. When I speak of empowerment, I speak of giving the people the means to take responsibility for their own lives."

Though the odds are clearly against him, Keyes has a chance to win. Keyes didn't start his campaign until June, when Republican Party officials asked him to run after their candidate of choice unexpectedly dropped out of the race. He needs to raise at least a million dollars to run against incumbent Paul Sarbanes, whose campaign has been well oiled with PAC money. Moreover, in Maryland there are twice as many Democrats as Republicans.

Nevertheless, Keyes moves gracefully from the ghettos of the inner city to the think tanks of Washington to the podium of the Republican national convention in New Orleans, from which he delivered a tub-thumping speech during prime time. That kind of flexibility will serve him as well on the fund-raising circuit as it does on the campaign trail.

And consider this: the last Maryland Republican to run for the Senate—Linda Chavez in 1986—managed to snag 39 per cent of the vote against Barbara Mikulski. Senator Mikulski, now in her first term, is more popular than Senator Sarbanes. Miss Chavez had virtually no black support.

As Keyes's strategists see it, Keyes can win if he can hold onto Linda Chavez's base of support, and add support from the black community. "I'd like to have half the black community," says Keyes. But 25 per cent might be enough to lift him over the top—and into a new era of Republican Party politics. —CATO

high-voltage memoir of foreign-policy intrigue in the White House, *Inside the National Security Council* (Simon and Schuster). Menges gives high marks to Caspar Weinberger, William Casey, Jeane Kirkpatrick, and Ronald Reagan himself. But he faults other major players for failing to support Reagan's announced policies, especially in Central America. George Bush comes off as well-meaning but ineffectual. Oliver North is effectual but in the wrong way: a blowhard whose penchant for direct action and illegal shortcuts proved disastrous. And several chapters chronicle George Shultz's repeated attempts to undercut Reagan on Nicaragua. Menges thinks the problem is bigger than Shultz, however: the State Department

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has an ingrained attitude that it's entitled to make its own foreign policy.

☐ Just out on videotape is *Justice on Furlough*, a powerful new documentary on the Massachusetts prison-furlough program Mike Dukakis describes as "very tough, strong, well defined, [and] by and large very successful." It gives prisoners a second chance—to rape and murder. Treated at length in the film is one of the governor's most infamous success stories: William Horton, the convicted first-degree murderer who, out on a weekend pass, traveled to Maryland, succeeded in imprisoning a young married couple in their own home, and spent several days torturing the husband and raping the wife. (One state prison official had earlier commended Horton for his "quiet sense of responsibility.") Also included are interviews with a woman who bumped into her baby daughter's convicted murderer one night in a Boston restaurant (he was out on a weekend pass)—and an anti-furlough activist who presented Dukakis with a 15,000-signature petition, only to be brushed aside: "Oh yes," said the governor, "but I have signatures from prisoners, too." That's what they call evenhandedness. (*Justice on Furlough* is available from Fairmount Productions, Box 495, Alton, Ill. 62002.)

☐ Diet police in China have cracked down on a restaurant that serves owls, pangolins, turtles, giant salamanders, monkeys, and tigers.

☐ Scientists have discovered a genetic basis for left-handedness in the DNA structure of cells. If left-wingedness is also found to be genetic, it would go far toward explaining this century.

The Outside Story, Through September

THIS ISSUE goes to press before, but appears after, the first debate between George Bush and Michael Dukakis. So let us review the bidding so far.

The code words of campaign coverage in the month of September were that this had become a memorably dirty election campaign. Columnists and editorialists wrinkled offended noses. Cartoonists plied us with images of muck and squabbling infants.

Viewed historically, the charge is nonsense. Thomas Jefferson's supporters accused John Adams of being a crypto-royalist; Adams's allies accused Jefferson of siring mulatto bastards. Reporters keeping track of the objects thrown at Wendell Willkie 140 years later counted eggs, tomatoes, apples, chairs, phone books, and a typewriter. Eight years ago Ronald Reagan was routinely described by Democratic orators as some sort of Klansman/Dr. Strangelove/imbiber of Ripley's Believe-It-or-Not.

What the code words mean in part is that Bush has been fighting back. If he had taken every Dukakis punch, the thought police would have rested calmly at home. The moment he began using such issues as the Pledge and the furlough program, the press saw mud.

In large part, however, the "dirty election" talk also reflects an unwillingness on the part of the press to plumb the ideological and intellectual issues at stake in this (and in most) elections. The purpose of Bush's Pledge offensive, as Joseph Sobran noted in these pages (Sept. 30), was to highlight Dukakis's Bay State liberalism. The preppie bashing at the Atlanta convention from Ann Richards, Jim Hightower, et al., was an appeal to that favorite liberal emotion, envy.

Structurally, the campaign has been a long game of defining Michael Dukakis—necessarily so, since George Bush, a two-term Vice President running largely on the record of Ronald Reagan, was a much better known quantity. Dukakis slid through the Democratic primaries as little more than a negative variable: Not-Jackson. He tried a similar slide through the election, declaring that it was not about ideology, but about competence. Once that failed, he began to try out a new strategy, of running to the right, though this too had its problems. His appearance in the M-1 tank in Chicago looked like a pose for a MacNelly cartoon. The touted Georgetown speech, in which he finally got specific on defense, was notable chiefly for what it left out: Dukakis promised to stop "pouring billions and billions" into SDI, and the only air-based element of the strategic triad he supported was the Stealth bomber—that is, the plane that is the furthest from being built. No doubt the debate will have shown some new wrinkles.

The failure of the press to examine ideology paralleled Dukakis's failure to define his own. Both failures stem from the same source: discomfort with liberalism. The press is uncomfortable because it knows, however much more it honors the custom in the breach than in the observance, that it is not supposed to be partisan. Dukakis is uncomfortable because he

Free at Last

Like Prometheus unbound,
Jesse Jackson hit the ground
Running, though it's still unclear
Whether he'll electioneer
For Dukakis, who could use
Something to dispel the blues,
Or if he's just out to do
Push-ups now for '92.

W. H. VON DREELE

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MAVERICKS IN LOCKSTEP

THE AMERICAN CIVIL LIBERTIES UNION has become a minor issue in this year's presidential campaign, thanks to Michael Dukakis's "card-carrying" membership in it. But while George Bush is taking heat for alleged anti-Jewish activities by people in his campaign—activities he knew nothing about—Michael Dukakis is not being held accountable for the public positions of an organization he is (well, used to be) proud to subscribe to.

The notion that the ACLU is some sort of "watchdog" over the Bill of Rights is wrong. Its interpretation of the Constitution is selective, shaped by a political agenda.

To take a couple of obvious examples: the ACLU interprets freedom of the press to mean that the sale of porn magazines and movies involving kids, even babies, is constitutionally protected under the First Amendment. This is known as "expanding our First Amendment freedoms." How nice. But is the ACLU interested in expanding our Second Amendment freedoms too? You know, the right to keep and bear arms? Not at all. The ACLU actively supports gun-control legislation.

The ACLU takes a liberal political line whose predictability is only occasionally broken by its willingness to move a little ahead of the herd, as on kiddie porn. On many issues—abortion, gay rights, racial busing and quotas, crime, school prayer—it insists that the Constitution not only permits a liberal agenda but, in some cases, actually mandates it and permits nothing else.

Now this is a peculiarly rigid way of reading the Constitution, which ACLU types usually like to praise as a "living document" whose interpretation requires openness and flexibility. Some critics stress the ACLU's left-liberal agenda; William Donohue's book *The Politics of the American Civil Liberties Union* documents and analyzes this very well. But my own dislike of the ACLU has a different source.

The ACLU is an outfit for mediocrities who like to think of themselves as mavericks. A real maverick won't join an organization with an orthodoxy about political issues over which disagreement is natural and consensus rare. He won't kid himself that all his political preferences (and those of his friends) dovetail nicely with the Constitution. He knows that life is more problematic than that. He realizes that there are tensions between desire and convenience, between what he says he always wants and what he actually wants on Tuesday. The real maverick doesn't try to paper over these ironies; he savors them, even in himself.

Once upon a time there was a genuine maverick, H. L. Mencken by name. As it happens, Mencken had a run-in with the ACLU in 1938 over the clash between its professions of principle and its real agenda. Its national board was loaded with Communists and fellow-travelers who argued that the violation of civil liberties in the Soviet Union should be excused because the goals of Communism were so noble.

"If the bosses of Russia are free to abolish civil liberties in order to attain some chosen political end," Mencken wrote, "then the bosses of the United States are free to suspend them in order to attain some other end." He took wry note of the "interlocking directorates" of the ACLU and the American Communist Party.

Things haven't changed too much. The leftist lawyer William Kunstler, a member of the ACLU's National Advisory Council, has said: "I do not believe in public attacks on socialist countries where violations of human rights may occur."

THE ACLU celebrates "pluralism" and "diversity," but its own positions are dismally monochromatic. Yes, it really is a wonderful thing to expose your mind to various views, so that you can carry on a sort of internal conversation among them. But the mark of the pseudo-maverick is that even though he reflexively defends bizarre forms of dissent, his own mind is never shaded and subtilized by carrying variety within. Instead, it assumes the sort of crude momentum some people mistake for logic, which reasons that in order to protect *Ulysses*, you have to protect kiddie porn too.

If you want the country to move leftward, and if you think the best strategy for achieving that is to use the courts rather than the elective/legislative process, then the American Civil Liberties Union is the group for you. But please, don't try to tell me your card-carrying membership signifies your dedication to independent thought.

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intuits that liberalism loses elections. It is average voters, whichever way they ultimately go, who are more interested and, yes, more sophisticated.

The Reagan Democrats

THE POLLS show a steady migration of Reagan Democrats from Dukakis to Bush. The current wisdom holds that Dukakis has to win them back, but he's probably already lost them irretrievably.

The Reagan Democrat is typically a Catholic "ethnic." At first, Dukakis had enough sense to present the profile of an ethnic rather than a liberal. And for a while it worked. The media helped by playing down the low-rent social issues that count so heavily with the Reagan Democrats, issues on which Dukakis is 110 per cent liberal. With "ideology" buried, the race appeared as the Ethnic *v.* the Preppie.

In his New Orleans speech Bush astutely gave the social issues prominence. He hit pay dirt with the Pledge. The media called this "the low road," but it instantly redefined Dukakis: liberal, not ethnic.

Dukakis, strangely, cooperated fully. Instead of flicking the Pledge issue aside with a concession that there was room for disagreement, he stiffened into his doctrinaire ACLU mode: he and his justices were right, everyone else was wrong, and Bush was unfit for the Presidency. Dukakis might as well have tattooed LIBERAL on his forehead. In a flash he had thrown away all he had gained by months of careful dissimulation.

That's what the Pledge fight was really about. It was symbolic, a resonant attitude cue. In Massachusetts, Dukakis has profited from liberal symbolism, and even a political loser like his Pledge veto could add to his odor of progressive sanctity. But in a national election, that symbolism is death. He and his defenders have tried to divest the veto of ideological overtones, but the overtones are unmistakably there.

The Pledge brought into the foreground the whole cluster of attitudes Dukakis had hoped to keep inconspicuous. Several voters who had previously supported him told the *New York Times* they had switched to Bush when they became aware of Dukakis's views on things like abortion.

Dukakis briefly held a big lead because he had managed to fool these people. Now he faces the somewhat more difficult task of fooling them again.

'Wooould You Believe . . .' Redux

READERS OF "The Week" will recall the parallels recently drawn here between the Soviet Union's machinations on the illegal Krasnoyarsk radar and the shameless excuse-making of TV's mock hero, Maxwell Smart. Even the inventive Smart, however, would be hard pressed to top the latest Soviet gambit.

At last recounting, the official line was that the USSR would be willing to "destroy" the ABM-Treaty-busting Krasnoyarsk radar if only the United States would agree to adhere for a protracted period to an unduly restrictive interpretation of that accord's limits. Subsequent conversations at the perfunctory five-year review of the treaty held last month in Geneva revealed that the Soviets did not actually mean "destroy" as the word is regularly used, i.e., *to eliminate*. What they meant was "destroy" in a way the word is never used, i.e., *to modify*.

The United States' intrepid negotiators icily turned down this latest flim-flam. Nothing would do, they informed the Soviets, but that this massive radar be razed. What is more, the shameless Ambassador Karpov (the Soviet Union's Maxwell Smartsky) was told, there would be no deal on new strategic-arms-control agreements until that happened. Just to be sure the Soviets got the message, the Senate subsequently voted unanimously to affirm that position.

Scarcely missing a beat, the Soviets rolled out a new offer. *Wooould you believe*, General Secretary Gorbachev in effect asked, the USSR would like to turn the Krasnoyarsk radar into an international center for the peaceful exploration of space? For sheer *chutzpah*, it is tough to top this one. Evidently, the Soviets believe that if they can move in the Carl Sagans of the world as camouflage for this illegal Siberian ballistic-missile-detection and -tracking complex, they can not only avoid tearing it down—*they can actually make it operational!*

Unfortunately, while the United States has thus far resisted this chicanery, it still shows no sign of appreciating the larger problem. Fixated as U.S. diplomats are on "restoring the integrity of the ABM Treaty," they are simply haggling over the circumstances under which the Soviet Union will continue with its preparations to defend itself against ballistic-missile attack—with or without the Krasnoyarsk radar—and under which we will continue *not* to defend ourselves.

Winner and Still Champion

Joe Louis had a handler
  Who told him how to punch
And when to mention mamma
  At ringside or at lunch,
But though these ministrations
  Gave Joe a crucial push,
No handler has the moxie
  Of Baker coaching Bush.

W. H. VON DREELE

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The Annotated Dukakis

MICHAEL DUKAKIS's remarks on economics tend not to be loaded down with numbers. Here are some of the footnotes to his texts.

"You can borrow and spend and borrow and spend and borrow and spend only for so long."

Massachusetts state spending has risen 61.7 per cent since Dukakis returned to office in 1983. (That's more than twice the rate of increase of federal spending during that period.) The state's debt has risen from $5.1 billion in 1983 to more than $10 billion projected in the Commonwealth's Budget for 1989. In June 1986, Massachusetts had a cash surplus of $912 million. In June 1988, Mr. Dukakis had to borrow $300 million to cover payrolls, and since July 1 the state has been forced to float another $600 million in short-term notes to raise cash.

"I'm not surprised by the comeback in manufacturing. I'd like to enlarge and stimulate it."

Massachusetts has lost more than ninety thousand industrial jobs since 1984, a decline of 13 per cent, while the number of industrial jobs nationally grew by 2 per cent during that same period. Massachusetts ranks 33rd in job growth since 1981.

". . . We've got to get interest rates down . . ."

The average annual prime rate has fallen every year since Ronald Reagan took office, dropping from 18.9 per cent in 1981 to 8.2 per cent in 1987. Under the last Democratic President, the prime rose each year, hitting 21.5 per cent in December 1980.

"We're not going to accept an America where all we do is take in each other's laundry and flip each other's hamburgers for $3.35 an hour."

More than 70 per cent of the jobs created since the end of the recession pay more than $375 per week ($10.70 per hour). Nearly one-third of the jobs created since 1982 are in the managerial and professional category.

". . . exchange voodoo economics for can-do economics."

The federal deficit fell by more than $70 billion between 1986 and 1987, while the top tax rate was cut from 50 per cent to 28 per cent. Massachusetts, meanwhile, has just retroactively "balanced" a fiscal 1988 budget in which expenditures outpaced revenues by $590 million. The Bank of Boston forecasts a deficit as high as $690 million for 1989, despite the enactment of more than $300 million in additional state taxes and fees. —ED RUBENSTEIN

As former Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger recently put it, "We have the opportunity now to shape our strategic destiny. . . . But if we are to succeed, we must have the political courage and the funding to move ahead with plans for deployment [of SDI]. And that means we must no longer let the Soviet agenda succeed. That agenda is for us to continue to be bound by the ABM Treaty, which prevents deployment of SDI, while the Soviets race ahead with their own system. . . . The ABM Treaty provides that we can . . . cancel the treaty on giving six months' notice. We should do this now."

Sadly, the President will not be presented with such sage counsel from a single individual still serving in his Administration. Instead, his advisors will continue to say: *Woould you believe* you can have both your beloved SDI program and the ABM Treaty that prohibits it. Not so smart, really.

So Much for Democratic Virtue

FOR THIRTY YEARS, U.S. Administrations have been unceasingly admonished for their failure to install democratic regimes in allied countries governed by right-wing authoritarian dictators. One U.S. Administration—that of James Earl Carter—even added its own admonition concerning that "inordinate fear of Communism which led us to embrace any dictator who joined us in our fear."

To be sure, this argument was usually put in the subtle negative mode that we should not "prop up" (or, in President Carter's warmer formulation, "embrace") such dictators. But "not propping up" was generously interpreted to include active hostility short of military invasion. And it was generally expected that, once the dictator had flown, civics teachers would step forward to govern the country.

How has it turned out? Well, Panama has demonstrated that even throwing the rascals out is not so easy: the U.S. is not propping up Noriega any more, but he's there just the same. Iran has shown that when the authoritarian bad guy leaves, he may be replaced by people who are worse. The Philippines has established that if democrats do take over, they may not then govern in any usual sense (perhaps not even survive in the long term). And, finally, Haiti—where another coup has just overthrown Lieutenant General Namphy (who himself overthrew, first, Jean-Claude Duvalier, and then the head of government

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"No more Mr. Nice Guy!"

he installed to replace Duvalier, Leslie Manigat) in order to install another general, Prosper Avril, who promises democracy at last—Haiti surely demonstrates that sometimes no one at all winds up in control.

These are discouraging results for a foreign policy based on promoting democratic virtue. Maybe we should look after our own interests, after all. It seems to do less harm.

The Black Reservation?

CHARLES MURRAY—the author of the devastating critique of the welfare system, *Losing Ground*—has now published a block-buster article in the September issue of *Commentary* magazine. It is called "The Coming of Custodial Democracy," and its thesis is that sophisticated liberal public-policy types have quietly given up on the black underclass.

All of the Great Society sort of programs launched over the past twenty years have failed. Despite the billions of dollars spent to bring the underclass into the American mainstream, nothing of statistical significance has been achieved. Moreover, there is no indication that "workfare" or other tinkering with the welfare system will make any difference at all. Liberal social scientists can read the printouts too, and Murray sees a new consensus emerging:

> The particular form the new liberal consensus will take depends on circumstances, but in general, mainstream liberal intellectuals and policy-makers will have become comfortable believing something like this: 1) inner-city blacks are really quite different from you and me, and the rules that apply to us cannot be applied to them; 2) it is futile to seek solutions that aim at bringing them into participation in American life, because we have seen that it cannot be done; and 3) the humane course is therefore to provide generously, supplying medical care, food, housing, and other social services—much as we currently do for American Indians who live on reservations. . . . To be sure, some such set of beliefs is already abroad in the land, discussed, when it is discussed, *sotto voce*.

What ought to be discussed, openly and not *sotto voce*, is whether society really is obligated to sustain any segment of the population on a permanent basis. For that matter, what right does it have to miseducate large numbers of people into a permanent dependency that rots the soul? The modern welfare state was born during the dark days of the Depression, and welfare—then known as "relief"—was conceived of as a temporary crisis measure to carry people through to better times. No one then thought that it would be with us for the rest of the century, and into economic boom times, no less.

The Indian reservations, of course, are a disaster and should be phased out promptly. Nor do we need more reservations in the "inner city." What needs to be discussed is how to get people off welfare and into self-reliance and self-respect. One option, of course, is going cold turkey on welfare, and jettisoning the whole thing.

At the very least, the "custodial" idea should be openly re-examined, with a view to making "custody" part of a process that leads toward work and individual independence. "Custodial" treatment should not be a permanent condition.

Is Dartmouth Joining The Eastern Bloc?

LAST YEAR, the featured speaker at Dartmouth on the occasion of Martin Luther King's birthday was Representative Ron Dellums of California, whom it is perfectly fair to call a fellow-traveler. Dellums vastly admires Fidel Castro, and constituted himself a PR

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man for the gimcrack Communist regime of Grenada's Maurice Bishop. Dellums routinely employs Marxist prayer-wheel jargon to express his hatred of the United States ("This is the oppressive, monopoly capitalist structure at work . . .") and so on. In short, a hard act to follow.

Now comes Dartmouth's celebration of its 15 years of co-education, and you just are not going to believe this, but the person chosen to give the keynote address was—Angela Davis. An avowed Communist (she ran for Vice President on Gus Hall's Communist Party ticket), she has been honored, appropriately, by East Germany. Sixteen years ago she was acquitted of the charges of murder, kidnapping, and conspiracy to commit murder and left the court without a stain on her tie. Other speakers at Dartmouth included Gloria Steinem and Flora Lewis, but the honor accorded Angela Davis sticks in the mind. Not to mention the gullet.

Buying into a Good Thing

THE "YELLOW PERIL" is back. We are suddenly deluged with horror stories about Japanese driving around Hawaii, buying houses at incredible prices. Japanese investors have also bought hotels in New York, and large chunks of stock in American companies. Entire new Japanese factories have sprung up in places like Michigan, California, New Jersey, and Ohio. Mitsubishi even shamelessly advertises "Buy American," since most of its consumer electronics products are manufactured here. The same is increasingly true of Sony, Honda, Mazda, and others. Two new books warn of some vague, undescribed dangers —*Buying into America*, by Martin and Susan Tolchin, and *Trading Places*, by Clyde Prestowitz.

Actually, most of the recent foreign investment in the U.S. is not Japanese, but British, Dutch, Canadian, and German. Yet names like Bayer, Shell, Nestlé, and Phillips don't sound as ominously *alien* as the idea of Toyotas produced on U.S. soil. Even little Australia invested $4.9 billion in the United States in 1986 alone, boosting U.S. production of gold and beer.

Private foreign investment in the United States increased by more than $158 billion last year. Yet three-fourths of that foreign investment was not in *direct* purchases of factories and offices at all, as Rich Thomas of *Newsweek* pointed out, but was simply *portfolio* investment in stocks, bank deposits, and *corporate* bonds (foreigners held 20 per cent of the U.S. Government's debt in 1980, but hold only 14 per cent today).

In spite of the allure U.S. investments have for foreigners and the disappointing performance of America's investments abroad (such as loans to Peru and Poland), the United States nonetheless earned $14.5 billion more on foreign investments last year than it paid out to foreign investors in this country. The figures on who owns whom are phony. Sizable American investments in Tokyo real estate are measured at what they cost years ago, not what they are worth today.

But this issue has nothing to do with facts. It is all raw emotion. Not long ago, Servan-Schreiber made a similar effort to whip up European anxiety about Americans buying up the Continent. Later, there was great hysteria that Arabs would buy all the American farm land, but they ended up with less than 1 per cent (and the American sellers got the better end of that deal).

When a homeowner in Hawaii sells to a Japanese, the money he gets from the sale doesn't vanish, and the American is not suddenly added to the list of the homeless. On the contrary, he must be better off, or he would not have made the sale. The same is true of selling stock to a foreign investor. The American who sells that stock has profits to reinvest in other American companies. It is in our interest to sell to the highest bidder, not to limit the bids.

Is the fact that foreigners prefer to invest in the U.S. rather than in their own countries a sign that we are a "declining nation," as a recent *New York Times Magazine* cover story suggests? The idea is preposterous. William Baumol of New York University once studied the decline of pre-Thatcher Britain and came to the seemingly obvious conclusion that "relatively declining countries send their funds abroad because their decline makes it profitable to invest elsewhere."

The Dawn Comes Up, Not Quite like Thunder

FOR YEARS, Burma was a genuine example of a thing often mooted in left-wing discourse, though seldom seen in fact—an indigenous socialist force. The Burmese pursued a Burmese Path to Socialism, with no help from Moscow; with no help, even, from Western foreign-aid bureaucracies, or graduates of the London School of Economics. The results of socialism in Burma were nonetheless exactly what free-market models would have predicted. A command economy required a command society, creating poverty and stagnation. The chaos in Burma's streets is the sad, and unsurprising, result.

Erecting socialist monoliths is easy; dismantling them can be dismayingly difficult, as Burma's northern neighbor, China, is discovering. The economic loosening in China, begun several years before *perestroika* by Deng Xiaoping, and continued by his successor, Zhao Ziyang, brought an instantaneous effervescence to the Chinese economy. Any relaxation, after such long rigidity, was bound to have such an effect. The Chinese leadership is now caught, however, between

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the desire to press on, and the inevitable problems of dismantling bureaucratic controls.

The ostensible focus of the debate is inflation and worker protest. If free prices rise, Chinese workers will be unhappy (there have been 49 industrial strikes already this year, according to the *New York Times*). But this is only the question of state power, at one remove. Since wages are controlled, and since strikes are seen as attacks on the state (which, in socialist economies, they indeed are), the economic issue becomes a political issue, and its gravity is exaggerated. Wage controls, like other aspects of socialism, turn every wage claim into a constitutional battle.

The easy solution, of course, is not to impose socialism in the first place. But that comes too late for the workers' paradises lost.

Right to Know-Nothing

LIKE FOX-HUNTING squires reviewing a chase from the view to the death, the *Washington Post* has examined its role in the pursuit of Dan Quayle, and there is considerable dissatisfaction.

Richard Harwood, former deputy managing editor, now *Post* ombudsman, ticked off the excesses in a long memo: "It is sometimes said of the *Post*, 'All pedal, no brake.' In the Friday paper [the week of the Republican convention] the pedal hit the metal. . . . We still find it difficult to resist the mob psychology that seizes the press corps on occasion. . . . If 'the networks' did it, it must be right and true."

Of its replaying old canards about Paula Parkinson, Harwood wrote that the *Post* "succumbed to the soiled embrace" of the "promotion department of *Playboy*." Of its harping on Quayle's National Guard service, Harwood noted that "the military-service test . . . was not an issue in the presidential campaigns of Gephardt, Hart, or Biden. It has not been made an issue in the case of Dukakis, who found refuge at Swarthmore while tens of thousands of World War II veterans were called back to hump it through the paddies and mountains of Korea . . ."

All in all, a commendably honest exercise: first reported, to be sure, not in the *Post*, but in the *Washington Times*, which secured a copy of the memo. Lucky for the *Post* there was no pack of reporters on hand to ask if any action would follow this self-criticism.

Weicker Watch

PICKED UP FROM *Womanpower*, newsletter of the Greenwich (Conn.) Women's Republican Club: "Weicker has sacrificed attention to his state's interests for personal publicity. Our question about Senator Weicker centers on the motives of his extremism. He has a special responsibility as a senator and a party official to temper his thoughts."

—In a public debate with Democratic opponent Attorney General Joe Lieberman last week, Weicker attacked the Pledge of Allegiance. "Ronald Reagan tried to take us down a lot of wrong paths . . . and only one man stood up." (He meant Lowell Weicker.) Asked about Buckpac (Buckleys for Lieberman), Lieberman said, "Buckley and tens of thousands of others can't stand you for your political grandstanding."

—*Insight* magazine reports that HR-1158, a proposal to exclude transvestites from the definition of the "handicapped," was accepted 89 to 2. Senators Weicker and Cranston were the two.

—When Weicker once charged that John Wayne had asked the IRS for favors, Wayne replied, "Senator Weicker, for your information I have never asked for, nor have I received, IRS favors, nor have I needed them. What I need is protection from cheap politicians like you."

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NOTES & ASIDES

☐ Dear Bill:

Pindar wrote many years ago, "Forge thy tongue on the anvil of truth, and what flies up, though it be but a spark, shall have weight."

I understand that, right after the Democratic convention, an orbiting satellite reported seeing sparks floating high above the earth's atmosphere. Apparently they were weightless. Do you think this proves Pindar was right? Should we remind Jesse, Mike, and the rest of the Far Left to speak with reforged tongues?

Sincerely,
Tom Williams
Sierra Vista, Ariz.

Dear Tom: Hm. That is one alternative. And we might suggest that they leave those tongues on the anvil another hour or so??? Cordially, WFB

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

The Democratic national convention: Who could ever forget that glorious and dazzling motorcade?

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Having tuned in late, at first I thought it was merely Ted Turner arriving home from one of his Moscow business trips; or that it was Lou Albano and his entourage in town for some wrestling. But as I continued to watch, a certain feeling came over me, ineffable; my heart began to pound wildly within my trembling breast; I felt a holy terror gnawing at my soul: certain was I that this was, after some two thousand years, the return of our most Beloved Messiah! (I think David Brinkley was having the same uncanny feelings: that was the only time he stopped twiddling his thumbs!)

But after the motorcade came to a halt and the Little Duke popped out of that big black limousine and piffled his way to the convention floor, I quickly realized, as a good Aesopian, that the old fable was again made good:

> The Mountain groaned in pangs of birth:
> Great expectations filled the earth;
> And Lo! *A mouse was born!*

Yours,
David Foglietta
Scranton, Pa.

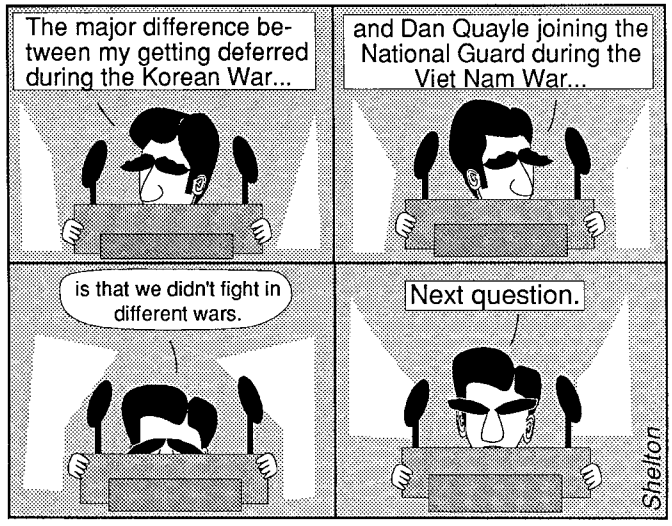
☐ Dear Bill:

The value-added tax (VAT) discussed by Ed Rubenstein ("Right Data," July 8) does have the economic advantages he lists; but it would be a political disaster. It is a hidden tax, paid by business enterprises, passed on to the consumer, yet essentially invisible to the ultimate consumer. It also raises a lot of money. This combination of features makes it extremely attractive to politicians anxious to buy votes with the taxpayer's money without the taxpayer knowing it. Once it is introduced at a low rate, the temptation to raise the rate is nearly irresistible. The result is that the adoption of a VAT is a sure-fire guarantee of higher government spending.

Unless I am greatly mistaken, every major country that has a VAT (e.g., most of the Common Market countries) spends a higher fraction of its national income via government spending than any country that does not.

Japan has had the lowest government spending as a fraction of income of any major country, with the United States second lowest. Japan has been catching up with the United States. It is now considering introducing a VAT—first proposed by the Nakasone government at a 5 per cent rate but then withdrawn after widespread public opposition; now likely to be proposed by the Takeshita government at a 3 per cent rate in an attempt to mollify opposition. I predict that, if adopted, the rate will soon escalate, and government spending in Japan will pass U.S. spending as a fraction of income—unless we too are so unwise as to adopt a VAT.

Taxing consumption rather than income does make


The major difference between my getting deferred during the Korean War...
and Dan Quayle joining the National Guard during the Viet Nam War...
is that we didn't fight in different wars.
Next question.
Shelton

good economic sense for reasons pointed out by Irving Fisher more than eighty years ago (in *The Nature of Capital and Income*, 1906). It also makes good political sense if the tax is levied directly on the ultimate consumer via a spendings tax rather than indirectly via a VAT. During World War II, such a spendings tax was unsuccessfully proposed by the U.S. Treasury (though unfortunately in the form of forced savings), and I discussed its merits in a 1943 article ("The Spendings Tax as a Wartime Fiscal Measure," *American Economic Review*, March 1943). More recently, when William Simon was Secretary of the Treasury, he commissioned a technical report on alternative tax structures. It too was very favorable to a spendings tax.

In short, taxing consumption via a visible spendings tax makes good economic and political sense. Taxing consumption via an invisible VAT turns a good idea into a political nightmare.

Cordially yours,
Milton Friedman
Stanford, Calif.

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I was reading in *U.S. News* the other day and it said that Michael Dukakis is a "post-liberal Democrat." I'm somewhat confused by this nomenclature, because he still seems like a liberal to me. What does "post-liberal" mean when applied to a liberal?

Is he a "post-liberal liberal"? No, that sounds stupid. How about "pragmatic liberal"? No, that's an oxymoron. I'm confused. Help me out.

Earnestly,
E. Dale Franks Jr.
APO N.Y.

Dear Mr. Franks: A "post-liberal" Democrat adopts present liberal programs festooned with non-liberal rhetoric. Thus, Mr. Dukakis will a) hugely increase state benefits, while b) hugely diminishing state expenditures. Cordially, **—WFB**

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WHAT TO DO WITH JESSE?

ACTION JACKSON—is he all mouth and no motion? That's the question plaguing the Dukakis campaign sixty days after the fabled Atlanta Accord between the Reverend Jesse Jackson and Michael Dukakis. In return for concessions that appear to give the Jackson forces significant leverage within the party, Jackson agreed to a display of unity that was supposed to presage a strong autumn campaign for the Democrats. Now that Labor Day has come and gone, Dukakis's campaign leadership is still waiting for Jackson to bring his flock into the fold.

Also, there are signs that Jackson has upped the ante and wants new concessions before campaigning in earnest for Dukakis. This leaves the Massachusetts governor in the difficult position of having to decide whether increased pressure on party leaders already disenchanted with Jesse is worth the price, given Jackson's unclear track record in delivering his supporters' votes to other Democratic candidates. "There's no proof that Jackson can transfer his popularity to other *black* candidates," says Linda Williams of the Washington-based black Joint Center for Political Studies. "What makes anyone think he can transfer it to Dukakis?" Miss Williams points to the fact that many of the seven million Democrats who voted for Jackson in 1988 were either first-time voters or voters from groups that traditionally have a low turnout.

Michael Dukakis is not the first Democratic candidate to confront this problem. Four years ago the Mondale campaign negotiated changes in party rules so as to eliminate run-off primaries in the South, one of Jackson's demands for supporting the campaign. Jackson also demanded funds for a voter-registration drive. Mondale consented. The result? Jesse a) delivered a black turnout for Mondale that was average at best, b) kept his own campaign alive for 1988, and c) expanded his political support within the Democratic Party.

This time around, Dukakis has already agreed to much, including: 1) twenty newly created seats for Jackson cronies (including Jesse Jackson Jr.) in the Democratic National Committee, plus the opportunity for Jackson to appoint even more associates to the Democratic Executive Committee; 2) a merger of the camps so that Jackson people could enter the Dukakis campaign at leadership levels (as Richard Hatcher, black former mayor of Gary, Indiana, did last month); 3) the lifting of reported geographical restrictions on Jackson's campaigning and advertisements; 4) the commitment to push for legislation on issues near to Jackson's heart, i.e., the branding of South Africa as a terrorist state, federal funding for a national child-care program, and statehood for the District of Columbia; and 5) an unspecified role for Jackson in the Administration if Dukakis is elected.

But no matter how much Dukakis gives, will it be enough to satisfy Jesse? Bob Beckel, Mondale's political director in 1984, said he and Jackson met more than seventy times and never did reach a final deal. "Dukakis feels that a deal is an agreement that's been reached," says political analyst Charlie Cook, "whereas Jackson feels that a deal is an evolution—flexible, subject to modification."

There is an obvious reason for this back-and-forthing: Jackson really does not want to be merely a supporting player in the Democratic Party. He wants to be President. Jackson seems to think he has a shot at getting the 1992 nomination—particularly if the Republicans retain the White House this time. Clearly, the best-case scenario for Jackson is for Dukakis to lose, and for Jackson to fall honorably on the field of battle. In this way he can rise again to take his own shot at the title four years from now.

From this point of view, the Atlanta Accord is clearly a better deal for Jackson than for Dukakis—but getting out of it at this point would not be easy. Breaking with Jesse now might make Dukakis's campaign more acceptable to whites ("He's trying to appeal to Reagan Democrats," says Howard University professor Ron Walters, one of the drafters of Jackson's wish-list), but only at the grave risk of hurting him badly in the black community, where his support is already shaky. "There's alienation among blacks because there's a perception they're not included," says Walters. Linda Williams adds: "Dukakis understands the black middle class, but not the black lower class, the poor blacks."

IT APPEARS, though, that Dukakis is not as worried about the Jackson albatross as one might expect. No doubt his reasoning is as follows: If he wins the Presidency this November, he will control the 1992 convention, whatever the composition of the DNC and the Executive Committee. And if he does not win, he will not get a second bite at the cherry. The fact that he has handed Jesse Jackson the keys to the kingdom will be someone else's problem.

Mastermind John Sasso is said to hold a complementary view. We hear

(Continues on page 59)

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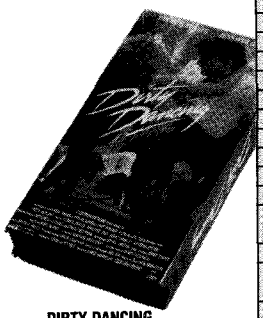

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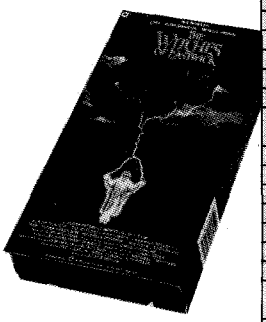

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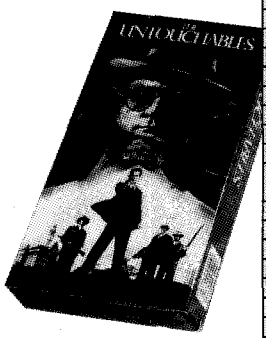

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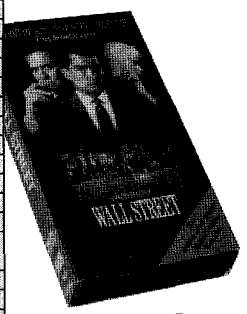

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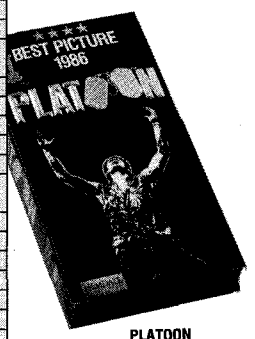

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TUBE WARS

In some attenuated way this campaign between George Bush and Michael Dukakis may be a battle for the hearts and minds of their countrymen, but for the working million-dollar stiffs who actually run the campaigns, it's a battle for eyeballs and nerve endings. It's a battle of edit suites and media buys. It's tube wars.

You've seen the stuff from Dukakis. His three heavily bought 30-second spots attack the GOP for, respectively, running up the federal deficit, creating a hollow prosperity, and shorting the folks on child care, housing, and college loans. I give it to you as my considered opinion, as both a political amateur and a television pro, that the parsimonious Dukakis is blowing his money. He has chosen to engage a Republican opponent on Republican issues in a Republican idiom. If Dukakis doesn't change his approach, and soon, he's looking at a GOP landslide.

Inconveniently for Bush, Dukakis *will* change his approach, and soon. The current advertising campaign was conceived and implemented in the Susan Estrich era, a political half-life during which the Harvard Law professor parlayed a whirlwind summer campaign and a twenty-point lead into a mid-September dead heat. Now back at the controls for Dukakis is Sasso the Magnificent, who will throw out all of the current spots because a) they *are* junk, and b) his reinvention of the wheel will alert political historians to his heroic contributions. (All campaign managers arrive on the scene, shake their heads sadly, and say loudly enough for the *Washington Post* to hear, "I had heard that things were in bad shape, but I never imagined . . .") Sasso will shift the campaign to negative ads. Astonishingly mean-spirited stuff is his specialty—watch for it. He makes Lee Atwater look like Bertha the Sewing Machine Girl. (Also watch for Sasso's touch in the debates: I guarantee that Dukakis will come up with a rhythm-breaking, anxiety-producing stunt. It will be reported only somewhat later that the stunt was specifically proscribed by the rules of engagement.)

The Bush television stuff is somewhat harder to get your hands on, owing to the decentralized system designed by top guns Roger Ailes and Sig Rogich. (In other campaigns, ad-hoc agencies have been set up to serve a single client, the campaign. Ailes prefers to tap individual pros across the country for specific assignments. An interesting, but risky, innovation.) As of this writing, the campaign has aired only six commercials. Three of them are generic RNC spots: "Going to Work," "Little Girl," and "I Remember You," played under the Aussie tune of the same name. Each of these jes-folks pieces ends with the claim "seven years of jobs, peace, and economic growth" and the tag line "brought to you by the Republicans." These are solid, professional efforts. A round of applause for Ted Shaine and Helayne Spivak, the Madison Avenue pros who produced them.

Then there are the two heavy-duty Bush character spots. "The Future" moves from the Bush grandkids in slo-mo, to granddad serving up corn on the cob, to the now-magisterial nominee in New Orleans. "The Experience" snaps shots of Bush the public man and hits hard the convention applause line about who should sit at The Desk —"My friends, I am that man." These two commercials are the bookends for the central post-convention theme, expressed in the unvoiced tag line on both spots as "Experienced Leadership for America's Future." Take that, Dukakis. The campaign is about the past *and* the future. Two cheers for Harold Kaplan and Gary Goldstein, who produced "The Future."

But neither of these spots would work in a vacuum. They depend for their impact on the context that was created for Bush in New Orleans. The turning point, to my eye, was the seven-minute film used to introduce the candidate. Break that film down analytically and it's a hodgepodge of styles and themes. Lots of grainy war footage. The home-run line from Reagan: "I trust George Bush. America can trust him, too." A stiff tribute from, of all people, James Baker. An affecting bite from classy Barbara. A hyperbolic assessment from Professor Charlton Heston that "perhaps nobody in this century is better prepared to be President." But what the film does —and for this it will earn recognition as a classic—is lead us first to trust George Bush and then to like him. For the first time in his public life, Bush has made *an emotional connection* with people beyond his (admittedly huge) circle of personal friendship. A standing ovation for Sig Rogich and the team of Messner, Vetere, Berger, Carey.

What to look for next?

—Roger Ailes will produce the tactical, negative spots himself, and Sasso the Magnificent's hair will get curlier still.

—A dynamite no-name agency in Milwaukee—Frankenberry, Laughlin & Constable—seems destined to make its national mark as one of Ailes's secret weapons.

—Carol H. Williams Advertising, an agency that worked for Jesse Jackson until May of this year, will make waves in the minority community.

—And maybe you'll see my own suggested spot: the camera pans across a half-dozen strong faces—an Oriental, an Hispanic kid, the tough map of Ireland, a Soviet Jew, an Italian grandmother. They are reciting the Pledge of Allegiance. They are becoming citizens. They are weeping. And they understand things that Harvard lawyers in government buildings will never understand. □

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THE ROAD BACK TO ROME

THE STORY of the Lefebvrist battle with Rome—which reached a peak, though by no means a final resolution, with the excommunication of Archbishop Lefebvre and the four bishops he consecrated at Ecône, Switzerland, in June—is a story of the Church's confrontation with the *Aion*: the World and the Times. It is also the story of three men: Marcel Lefebvre himself, the 82-year-old traditionalist archbishop; Pope Paul VI, during whose tenure the Second Vatican Council (begun under John XXIII but originally planned by Pius XII) concluded; and John Paul II, who has attempted to repair some of the damage caused by innocent or willful misunderstanding of the changes instituted by the council.

For, contrary to popular belief (among Catholics as well as non-Catholics), the council was by no means revolutionary. The decrees do not make exciting reading, but if one plows one's way through them and the entire documentation, one sees that the council never maintained, affirmed, or prescribed anything that has not been believed or accepted ever since World War I by a large percentage of intelligent Catholics. I remember lecturing in America as early as the 1950s about the Ecumenical Movement in Germany, Austria, France, and Hungary. In these countries we had also occasionally had the Holy Mass in the vernacular, and community singing has been practiced for centuries.

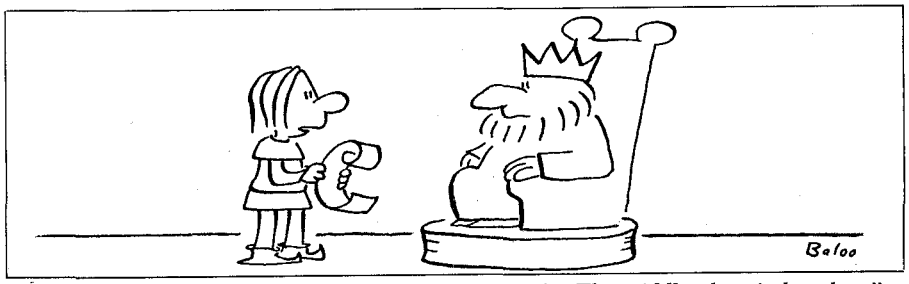
Yet the mass media made Vatican II out to be a world-shaking event, and what has happened since was based on a misinterpretation not only of its significance, but of its very content. *Periti* (experts)—who had no voice in the council but functioned as mere advisors to the bishops—when they found their hare-brained ideas rejected, set up a para-magisterium that created a wave of unwarranted expectations and, consequently, of painful disillusionments. (To all this one could and did refer as a case of "peritonitis.") Ever since, the "progressivists" have regularly appealed to Vatican II, but, if asked where in the documents they find support for their claims, they simply refer to "the spirit" of the council.

Lefebvre, for his part, although he took part in the council, seems to believe the progressivists' reading of what it said—with the difference, of course, that he rejects it as heretical. And over the ensuing quarter-century, he has made certain demands—for example, the celebration of the Mass not only in Latin, but also according to the Tridentine Rite. Now, there were and still are innumerable Catholics who prefer a "sacred" liturgical language over the vernacular, especially if the translation is a real vulgarization. But the well-kept secret is that this is entirely within the bounds of Vatican II. Article 54 of the Decree on the Liturgy says that bishops *may* allow the use of the vernacular in the liturgy, but that they must see to it that Latin survives as the language of the Church. Yet there are countries where the bishops studiously disobey the second half of this injunction.

However, Paul VI, situated by his character and his convictions between Left and Right (to use these otherwise political words), leaned rather toward the Left, which he saw as embodying the "wave of the future." Rather than punishing the disobedient bishops, he turned a cold shoulder on Lefebvre —by no means all of whose ideas are wrong, as we have seen (though his composite attitude is). Even Hans Küng (whom I hesitate to cite, but in this case he is correct) has argued that Paul VI should have granted several of Lefebvre's requests.

So what finally led to the break this year? It is not a Roman practice to disown a preceding pontiff, but John Paul II (together with Cardinal Ratzinger, head of the Vatican's Congregation for the Doctrine of the Faith) was ready to make every *reasonable* concession to Lefebvre, and a document to that effect was signed by both sides a few weeks before the lamentable event of Ecône. One really wonders what suddenly happened in the mind of the former Archbishop of Dakar, Senegal.

AND WHAT will come next? Already the archbishop's followers are beginning to recognize how unsteady a foundation their movement rests on. Earlier this month, twenty monks at the Benedictine abbey in Barrou, France, abandoned Lefebvre and will be allowed to continue their traditionalist practices under Rome's auspices. Vatican officials have been telling European and American newspapers that negotiations are under way to welcome another thirty Lefebvrist priests and seminarians in Fribourg, Switzerland, back into the fold. It is said that all roads lead to Rome. In the long run, I believe, the Lefebvrists will return. □



"Our studies are complete, Sire, and you were right: The middle class is hopeless."

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Fifty years ago, Chamberlain 'solved' the Czech problem.
Forty years ago, the Communists rushed in.
Twenty years ago, the Prague Spring was crushed.
Today, the fires started in Budapest, Prague, and Warsaw are spreading to Moscow

Revolution against the Revolution

GEORGE BAILEY

FIFTY YEARS AGO, on September 29, 1938, in the Führer Haus (since demolished) in Munich, the British prime minister and French premier, Neville Chamberlain and Edouard Daladier, acquiesced to Adolf Hitler's demand that Czechoslovakia cede the Sudetenland to Germany. Benito Mussolini, the organizer of the conference, looked on. Hitler's demand was ostensibly based on the principle of self-determination, a principle popular today but applied only fitfully in the aftermath of the First World War.

When the Austro-Hungarian Empire was dismembered at the Versailles conference, Austria lost the Sudeten Germans and the South Tyroleans, and Hungary lost a full third of its ethnic population to the newly created states of Czechoslovakia (one million plus), Rumania (1,650,000), and Yugoslavia (450,000). The Balkanization of the empire left successor states that were almost as riddled with national minorities as Austro-Hungary had been (in the newly acquired Vojvodina the Yugoslavs made up just 33 per cent of the population); thus the national governments that were set up lacked full legitimacy, leading in turn to the permanent prospect of instability and conflict in the center of Europe.

Victors, as the Russians say, are not judged. It was the Treaty of Versailles that enabled the victors in World War I to apply the principle of self-determination so cavalierly. Had it not been so, Austria most assuredly would have opted to join Germany. The Sudetens, who were Austrians, just as assuredly would have gone along. And Hitler would have lacked the excuse to shatter the Versailles settlement and the between-the-wars European order. For the Munich agreement shattered the Little Entente—the French system of alliances which had for twenty years maintained a precarious balance of power among the new states in Eastern Europe. On October 1—the day after Chamberlain returned to cheering crowds in London—the Czechs accepted the Polish ultimatum for the ceding of Teschen. On the same day, the Germans occupied the Sudetenland. On October 5, Eduard Benes resigned as President of Czechoslovakia. Slovakia was granted autonomy on October 6, and Ruthenia on October 9. The dismemberment of Czechoslovakia took in all not quite ten days. But the aggressors' feast was not quite finished. Thereafter, in hardly more than a fortnight, Hungary annexed the southern part of Slovakia—also on the principle of self-determination.

But the destruction of Czechoslovakia did not end matters. The Munich agreement was merely the start of a process: the slipway to World War II. Less than six months later, Hitler actually broke the Munich agreement by invading the Czech rump (Bohemia and Moravia) and declaring it a German protectorate. War was clearly inevitable. In the ensuing race for a Soviet alliance, it was easy for Hitler to outbid the Western Allies simply by making an offer Stalin could not refuse—the Baltic states and half of Poland—under the secret protocols of the Molotov-Ribbentrop Pact (which Moscow has acknowledged only this year). By so doing he secured his Eastern front and cleared the board for his attack on Poland in September 1939.

THE MUNICH AGREEMENT and Hitler's subsequent career of aggression had a considerable effect on American foreign policy. It spawned a Manichaeanism in wartime American thinking on foreign affairs according to which everything German was bad and, after the German invasion of the Soviet Union, everything Russian good; Stalin's cooperation in the destruction of Poland disappeared down the memory hole. This dichotomy later produced the doctrine of unconditional surrender on the one hand and the spirit of Yalta on the other (the latter including the colossal gaffe of failing to secure overland access to the American sector in Berlin).

The doctrine of unconditional surrender had one great aim and advantage. It soothed Soviet fears that the Atlantic powers would make a separate peace with Germany. But the price of this Alliance harmony was high. Roosevelt's proclamation of unconditional surrender in 1943 at Casablanca robbed the German resistance to Hitler of any prospect of success. It made clear that the only prospect of national survival lay in a German victory or at least in averting outright defeat. It thus prolonged the war and brought Soviet power deep into Central Europe.

This was particularly ominous in view of the nature of

Mr. Bailey, the former director of Radio Liberty in Munich and the author, most recently, of Sakharov, *has covered Central and Eastern Europe for thirty years.*

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the wartime alliance. When, finally, the two fronts of the opposing world systems, capitalism and Communism, came together in Germany in the historic "meeting on the Elbe," the result was not a meeting but a confrontation. The opposing systems, in alliance, had succeeded in destroying the one thing that had forced their association in the first place—although it took the West some time to realize the fact.

Equally fateful were the doctrine's implications for postwar policy. Indeed, it precluded any serious staff-work on a policy for dealing with Germany. Instead there was the "Morgenthau Plan" for the pastoralization of Germany (turning Germany into an agricultural nation and destroying the industrial base in the Ruhr Valley)—so inherently impractical that in a few weeks it became axiomatic in the American Military Government that the most effective way to sabotage the Morgenthau Plan was to lend it unqualified support.

EVEN IF turning the greatest industrial concentration in Europe into a goat-field had not been a rank absurdity, the division of Europe into two camps would have made it positively dangerous. When the USSR was consolidating its hold on Eastern Europe and encroaching upon the Western sphere, as in the Berlin Blockade, a "pastoral" West Germany would have constituted a self-inflicted wound threatening Western survival.

As a people used to the blessings of peace, for whom peace was the natural, normal state of affairs, Americans were ill-prepared and ill-constituted for what was coming: a situation that was neither peace nor war and yet both, an international political limbo in which phases of "cold war" alternated with phases of "détente," in either of which there was always a strong admixture of the other. But the true face of Soviet power—and the reality of international politics—became clear beyond peradventure before long. Czechoslovakia was once again the victim.

In 1948, just ten years after the Munich agreement, the Soviets pouched Czechoslovakia in a coup organized by the Soviet and Czechoslovak Communist parties. Eduard Benes, the professional political fall guy, was on hand again as president to suffer the overthrow personally. He had been back in office hardly three years after his wartime exile in the United States. Benes's colleague and foreign minister, Jan Masaryk, the son of the founder of Czechoslovakia, fared worse. He was defenestrated, a traditional Prague specialty, by the Communists.

The Soviet role in Eastern Europe represented, by almost any standard—democratic, cultural, or humanitarian—a dreadful regression. But a cynical advocate of *Realpolitik* might have predicted a compensating benefit: surely Soviet rule would restore the stability that had been absent from the region since the demise of the Austro-Hungarian empire? Communist governments might lack democratic legitimacy as their pre-war predecessors had lacked nationalist legitimacy. But the Red Army provided a legitimacy of its own. In addition, the interest of the Soviet Politburo in the stability of its ring of satellites would ensure that national conflicts would be kept firmly in check. Communists, of course, had been told by Marx that socialism would altogether abolish nationalist sentiments, which belonged to an earlier stage of development.

It did not turn out that way.

In the next few years, the Communists of Eastern Europe, led by the Soviets, broke every conventional economic rule in the book, first and foremost the rule that has entered French folklore: "The equal distribution of the maximum gross national product is acceptable; the equal distribution of the minimum gross national product is not acceptable." The result was a widespread dissatisfaction with Soviet rule, and a catalogue of calamities beginning with the uprising in East Germany in 1953, going on to the Hungarian Revolution in 1956 (hard on the heels of an eruption in Poznan, Poland). In 1961 the Berlin Wall had to be built to stop the flood of refugees from East to West Germany (over four million in the 16 years after the Second World War—of whom more than ten thousand fled during the day before the Wall went up).

In particular, by 1962 the Czechoslovak government became alarmed by unmistakable signs of the disintegration of the country's economy. The cracks had begun to appear as early as 1955 but the regime was slow to react. By 1963 the fat was in the fire. Overall production had not only stagnated: it was falling. Building production fell 10 per cent below the 1962 level, and in the construction of agricultural housing only 5 per cent of the plan was fulfilled. In the fall of 1962 the first queues appeared in front of food stores.

Under the allocation of economic activities laid down in the Soviet grand design for the satellite countries, Czechoslovakia was to provide precision tools and machinery and sophisticated finished products, while predominantly agricultural countries were to provide much of the food. Again, it didn't work out that way. The countries designated simply could not or would not provide the promised food. The Czechoslovak government was forced to delve still further into its foreign-currency reserves to purchase wheat from Canada and soybeans from the United States.

It is hardly possible to exaggerate the importance of Czechoslovakia in the world Communist movement. Marx himself, as the first among many, had emphasized that Communism could not work in underdeveloped countries but only in highly industrialized societies capable of committing their advanced technologies to the purpose. In Czechoslovakia, Communism was put to a laboratory test under apparently ideal conditions. What the Party took

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over in 1948 was an industrial society with one of the most highly skilled labor forces in the world and a plant in generally good condition. The Communists ruined it. In less than a generation, the incidence of rejects in Czechoslovak industrial production rose to more than 30 per cent (the figure for 1963). As for quality in general, a quip made the rounds that the cardinal mistake of the founding fathers of Communism had been the failure to codify a penalty for sales resistance. But the ponderous, dilapidated machinery of state enterprise creaked implacably on, churning out huge quantities of inferior articles which could never be sold or which, if any were sold, merely ensured that future Czech articles would not be.

In fact, the Czechoslovak crisis was the crisis of the Soviet model of socialism. "How could we," asked Ota Sik, a prominent Czech economist at the time, "the most highly industrialized nation in Eastern Europe, have taken the Stalinist system of highly centralized, non-specialized planning, which sets the same broad quantitative norms for all fields of production—a system devised to increase radically the basic heavy-industrial plant of a backward nation—how could we have been so stupid as to take such a system and impose it lock, stock, and barrel on our economy? It's incredible."

In order to surmount the crisis, the reformers in the Czechoslovak Communist Party had by 1968—the Prague Spring—hit upon a series of proposals that have since become familiar to all who take an interest in the problems of Communism. The first of these was the promise to transfer state property to the people, a sort of socialist denationalization program (in practice it meant a transfer of state industry to workers' councils). The second was the decision that democratic self-management (through the workers' councils) could be realized only in a pluralistic society: there would have to be a multi-party system of some sort with a socialist economic framework. In the third place there was the acceptance that there could be no meaningful political enfranchisement of citizens without the abolition of censorship—"access to all information," as the formulation had it. The Prague Spring, in this respect, was the false spring of *glasnost* and *perestroika*. Fourthly and finally came the demand for the right of free association—specifically, for independent trade unions, peasant organizations, and organizations of youth, the intelligentsia, and other strata of society. The whole was to be "socialism with a human face."

These measures were well-meaning but essentially futile. In effect, they were an attempt to reconcile the irreconcilable—private initiative with socialist ownership, multi-party elections with a predetermined result, freedom of information with a state monopoly of communications: in short, capitalist freedoms with a socialist organization of society. They could not possibly have survived a serious attempt to implement them. But the mere threat of such reformism, however fragile, and however qualified by the Czechs' assurance that they would remain within the Warsaw Pact, was sufficient to prompt a Soviet-led invasion.

What made the crushing of the Prague Spring so spectacular was, of course, the phenomenon of an international socialist invasion of a socialist country. The "Brezhnev doctrine" of limited sovereignty was born: "A threat to any socialist country is a threat to all socialist countries." But the specific element that forced the recollection of the Munich agreement was the presence of an East German contingent in the invasion force. Just thirty years gone by, the most destructive war in history in the bargain—and here were the Germans again, invading Czechoslovakia! There was the added fillip that the German invasion force was Communist and the irony that the prime purpose of the division of Germany had been to preclude just such an eventuality. And there was a final historical irony concealed in the events of 1968: in that year Czechoslovakia suffered a fate almost identical to that of Poland in 1939: it was invaded simultaneously by Germans *and* Russians.

That, however, was a reflection of the past. More potent for the future was the example of the Prague Spring as a symbol and model for the "socialist bloc." Marx had said that Communism was a specter haunting Europe. That part of Europe which was living under Communism in 1968 was now haunted not by one specter but by two: economic bankruptcy and the unrest it provoked. These ghosts now went East.

In 1970, urban unrest and mass demonstrations in Gdansk, in the now famous Lenin Shipyards, brought down the wrath of the Polish Workers' Party on the Polish workers and made martyrs of fifty of them. This massacre resulted in a monument to the workers and in the birth of the free trade union "Solidarity" under the leadership of Lech Walesa. Meanwhile in Hungary, although the revolution of 1956 had been quickly crushed by the brutal Soviet invasion, the Kadar regime's will had been broken. Fearing to provoke further uprisings, it embarked on a continuing program of economic reform under the nervous slogan: "He who is not against us is with us."

Just thirty years gone by,
the most destructive war in history
in the bargain—and
here were the Germans again,
invading Czechoslovakia!

In each case—in Hungary, in Czechoslovakia, and in Poland—the Communist Party split between reformers and hard-liners. The difference between them was that the reformers had no one but the people to turn to, while the hard-liners could always turn to the Soviet Union—and always did. Limits to reformism were set by the Red Army. For example, Alexander Dubcek had been elected General Secretary of the Czechoslovak party without the knowledge of the Soviet leadership. This was the first time this had happened—an ominous omission. The Soviets had always reserved the right to question significant appointments made by any "fraternal party" in Eastern Europe (with the exception of Rumania and Yugoslavia). But by the early Eighties, speculation was rife in Eastern Europe as to how and when the tide of reformism would arrive at its final destination: Moscow.

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Munich: Before and After

THE MUNICH PACT of September 30, 1938, opened the floodgates, bringing, not the "peace in our time" of the unsophisticated Neville Chamberlain, but the bloodiest war of all. I was twenty at the time, old enough to feel the shame of a deal at the expense of the helpless Czechs and Slovaks, but a long way from knowing the reasons for the shame. I do remember that the cinema in which I saw the newsreel of the returning Prime Minister, waving the "piece of paper, signed not only by Herr Hitler but myself," was greeted with boos from the audience.

It has been said, in Chamberlain's defense, that if the war Hitler was planning had come in 1938 instead of 1939, the Battle of Britain might have been a walkover for the Luftwaffe. Perhaps. In any case, Munich was the logical culmination of the Depression years, and appeasement of the Fascist and Nazi dictators was the logical refuge of the supine politicians of that period, in France as well as in Britain, who were reluctant to believe what "Herr Hitler" had written in *Mein Kampf*.

As for Stalin, we were being told by H. G. Wells, Bernard Shaw, and the other Fabians and fellow-travelers that he represented the future (which they had seen and which, they assured us, "works").

Today, fifty years on, we know so much more. The wrong turning of June 1941, when Hitler sent his hordes into Russia, transformed the Georgian tyrant into the West's glorious ally and created a public prejudice in favor of the USSR and Communism. Of course Stalin blew it by grabbing Eastern Europe, but even today the favorable prejudice inhibits a real understanding of Stalin's prewar relations with Hitler's Germany.

Two strategic visions competed for hegemony in the 1930s: Stalin's and Hitler's. Two, not three. The West was deeply divided, and Western Europe at least was run by second-raters, little men like Chamberlain and Edouard Daladier (whose nickname, "the bull of Vaucluse," doubtless referred to his physical build rather than to any non-existent vigor of character). America was still essentially isolationist, despite Roosevelt's awareness of distant dangers.

The British wanted to keep trouble from their doorstep; the French really believed (collectively, for the apprehensions of the obscure Colonel de Gaulle hadn't made much impact) that any invading German army would obligingly stop at the Maginot Line and not be beastly enough to go round it.

In contrast (leaving aside Mussolini's vainglorious vision of Roman greatness), Hitler and Stalin both thought strategically. Stalin's vision was the wider of the two. Despite the disinformers (Trotskyists included), Stalin was a true Leninist. He believed in world domination.

Hitler believed, first and foremost, in a Germanized Europe, with Russia's vastness for *Lebensraum*, and with the racially inferior Slavs enslaved (and the Jews eliminated). He seems to have believed that between the Aryan Germans and the "Aryan" English, no real conflict existed.

Ideologically, there was much in common between the Communists and the Nazis (a fact which, above all, Soviet postwar propaganda has tried to obscure, with the favorably prejudiced as natural customers). The facts, however, are well documented, among others by William L. Shirer (*The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich*), Hugh Trevor-Roper (Hitler's *Table Talk*), Hermann Rauschning (*Hitler Speaks*), and, not least, Mikhail Heller and Aleksandr Nekrich in their admirable history of the USSR (*Utopia in Power*).

Hitler and Stalin admired each other, yet neither fully grasped what the other was up to. They shared a contempt for the bourgeoisie, and a detestation of social democrats. Curiously, though for different reasons, they were both against the German Communist Party. Hitler saw its members as rivals to be crushed, but was always ready to welcome them into his National Socialist Party. Stalin feared their possible ascendancy: a Communist Germany would have relegated backward Russia to a relatively lowly position in the Comintern.

Stalin preferred not to know about Hitler's *Lebensraum* obsession. His strategic plan was to get Germany and the European democracies locked in war so that the USSR could pick up the pieces. This aim predated Hitlerism: in 1926 and again in 1931, Germany and the Soviet Union widened the scope of the Rapallo Treaty of 1922. From the moment of Hitler's advent to power in 1933, Stalin was obsessed by the idea of a pact with Nazi Germany (according to the defecting Soviet diplomat, Gelfand).

Before 1933, the Soviet Union welcomed officers of the Reichswehr, and the welcome was renewed after the Reichswehr became the Wehrmacht. Indeed, before Hitler felt strong enough to break out of the bonds of the Versailles Treaty, Stalin provided training facilities on Soviet soil for German officers to learn the skills they needed in the forbidden weapons: aircraft and tanks.

STALIN SAW with jaundiced eyes the abject appeasement of Hitler by France and Britain. So confident had he been that there was no danger from Germany that he purged the Red Army and Fleet of some 35,000 officers. The prime victim was Marshal Tukhachevsky, who was shot in 1937 for plotting against Stalin. But if Stalin understood the need to remove a possible rival, there was no point in destroying his armed forces as well, unless he really did think he had nothing to fear from Hitler.

This reluctance to see the German threat extended to the warnings he was receiving from the master spy Richard Sorge in Japan, so that Hitler's massive invasion of the Soviet Union, unbelievably, took him by surprise. By then, of course, he had the added protection (as he saw it) of the Soviet-Nazi pact of 1939, under which he grabbed the Baltic States and half of Poland. Little did he know that the flood was about to turn his way. —BRIAN CROZIER

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"For then," said the wiseacres and wise men, "at long last, there will be no Big Brother to turn to." The Prague Spring would have been a dress rehearsal for a Moscow Spring that was sure to come.

Despite the sealing off of the Soviet Union from the fraternal socialist republics of Eastern Europe, ideas have nonetheless seeped through. Indeed, there has been a significant two-way exchange between Soviet dissidents and Czechoslovak reformers. The name Solzhenitsyn first appeared in Czechoslovakia in 1967 when a Slovak journalist, Pavel Licko, managed to travel for the first time to Voronezh, where Solzhenitsyn was working as a mathematics teacher, and to get the first interview with the Russian writer for a foreign newspaper. The trip was possible only because Licko had been a member of a Soviet partisan group in World War II. His former comrades-in-arms, having meanwhile become Party functionaries, were able to help him make the trip to an area normally out-of-bounds to foreigners. Shortly thereafter, someone bought a copy of Solzhenitsyn's "Open Letter to Soviet Writers" into Czechoslovakia. The letter, which dealt with the problem of censorship, caused an uproar at the Fourth Congress of the Czechoslovak Writers' Union, to whom it was addressed. In the wake of the controversy over whether Solzhenitsyn's letter should be read into the protocol of the Congress, several writers, including Antonin Liehm and Ludvik Vaculik—once stalwart Communists but now disillusioned—were expelled from the Party. The conflict over Solzhenitsyn was one of the trip-wires in the development of the Prague Spring.

In economics, influence flowed in the opposite direction. For fifty years, the Soviets had been trying to run an anti-

'At long last,' said the wiseacres and wise men, 'there will be no Big Brother to turn to.' The Prague Spring would be a dress rehearsal for a Moscow Spring

economy for purely ideological reasons. They had succeeded, but the price of that success was economic ruin. In 1968, Andrei Sakharov's essay "Thoughts about Progress, Peaceful Coexistence, and Intellectual Freedom" appeared in the *New York Times*. His message was that the USSR was structurally incapable of coping with the technological revolution. The need was for radical *perestroika* (though Sakharov used not the noun made famous by Gorbachev but the related verb). At that very time, a group of young economists under Professor Ota Sik, and a staff of young political scientists under Zdenek Mlynar in the Czechoslovak Central Committee, were working on the economic and political aspects of the reform program. Another center of the reform movement was in Prague's Academy of Sciences, where historians, economists, and sociologists were examining the effects of the technological revolution on the socialist system.

Even during the dead years of Brezhnevite stagnation, such ideas seeped into Moscow's intellectual life—albeit behind closed doors or in dissident circles. They have emerged into the open only since Gorbachev launched his *glasnost* and *perestroika* campaigns.

But there are, of course, significant differences between the Prague and Moscow Springs. One is the sponsor of the experiment. In Alexander Dubcek, Czech reformers had a reluctant, inexperienced leader of no personal magnetism whatsoever. In Gorbachev, Soviet reformers have the greatest PR talent of this century. The Prague Spring, though it attained wide popular support, was in effect created by reformers from the top of the government and the Party; it put down popular roots only later. Moscow's reforms are taking place after twenty years of dissidence under the tutelage and inspiring leadership of Andrei Sakharov. Perhaps his greatest service to his cause has been that he has accustomed the Soviet government to the idea of a legitimate opposition. This was accomplished by keeping track of the regime's mistakes, suggesting reforms necessary to social progress, and striving to force the regime to abide by the human-rights obligations it ratified in 1973. (Charter 77 played a similar role in Czechoslovakia.) But the greatest difference, as we have seen, is that the Soviet hard-liners have no other hard-liners to fall back on.

That does not settle the question, however. In the Soviet Union, power and privilege are in the hands of a bureaucracy entrenched as perhaps no other bureaucracy before it has been entrenched. As Gorbachev put it in a speech to the Writers' Union last year: "In the Soviet Union, nothing is exploited as much as official position." Soviet bureaucrats are entrenched by virtue not just of a policy, but of an official ideology—an ideology that has the formal force and persistence of an official religion. So, despite the absence of an external Big Brother, the Moscow Spring is likely to remain in doubt for some time to come.

Soviet ideology and Soviet life are both under stress. When it comes to ideology, the greater freedom of *glasnost* has produced unprecedented confusion. The key history examination held at the end of the tenth school year to test the ideological maturity of the students has been discontinued since the examiners are no longer in possession of the answers to their own questions! As one Muscovite joke has it, it is becoming more and more difficult to predict the past.

But who outside can tell how successfully the *nomen-*

(Continues on page 60)

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JUDGE, JURY, AND EXECUTIONER

IT WAS entirely fitting that the City Council of Yonkers, N.Y., screamed uncle to a federal judge the same day his bankrupting fines forced it to lay off the city's thirty school crossing guards just as the school year began. After all, the school-desegregation program that the same judge, Leonard Sand, had ordered, ending the assignment of students to neighborhood schools, was already being blamed for a steep rise in traffic accidents injuring children as they crossed busy streets.

Judge Sand managed to coerce compliance with his court order that this suburb of New York City build public housing in middle-class neighborhoods, to the cheers of those who demand that the current residents of Yonkers must suffer for alleged sins of the past. This may be a Pyrrhic victory. For one thing, Judge Sand's frenetic judicial activism is a timely reminder in an election year that it matters who appoints the nation's judges. Judge Sand was appointed by Jimmy Carter.

This is a case of extraordinary paradoxes. Litigation brought in 1980 by the Yonkers branch of the NAACP and the Carter Justice Department linked for the first time allegations that a city had racially discriminated in both its housing and its school policies. The accusation was not that the private real-estate market was biased, but that official discrimination over the course of forty years explained why public housing had been built only in the poorer parts of the city, which in turn led to racially segregated neighborhood schools. Under the surprising leadership of William Bradford Reynolds, the Reagan Justice Department decided to continue the case and to give succor to Judge Sand, despite the paucity of evidence of racial discrimination in housing in his 1985 opinion.

The overwhelming majority of people in Yonkers continue to deny there was any racial discrimination. They say with compelling logic that it made perfect sense to build low-income housing in low-income neighborhoods —indeed, this was a *requirement* of the federal slum-clearance programs at the time. Their anger is fed by the realization that if they had accepted no federally subsidized housing in the first place, there would have been no case. One irony is that Yonkers is among the most racially diverse cities in Westchester County; it has one-quarter of the county's population, but some 40 per cent of its public housing.

Now Judge Sand has ordered that the city build one thousand subsidized housing units and scatter them throughout middle-class neighborhoods. The righteous, of course, interpret the fierce opposition to this plan as another sign of racial bias, but again residents—joined, interestingly enough, by Governor Mario Cuomo—argue that the objections to the housing scheme are economic, not racial. Irony of ironies, the Yonkers residents who oppose putting public housing on middle-class streets include many blacks—one of whom was removed on this account from the NAACP's executive board—who share their white neighbors' anguish about what will happen to the value of their homes when high-density, low-income buildings are put up. A *Washington Post* reporter found one street in the middle-class neighborhood of Dunwoodie where five of the seven homes are owned by black families.

THE PARADOXES began at the beginning. The case was called *U.S.* v. *Yonkers Board of Education*, but it was not primarily about school integration. Instead, the true motive of the Carter Justice Department and the NAACP was to try for the first time to piggyback alleged discrimination in public housing onto the more standard allegations of racially segregated schools. The problem they faced is that forced school-integration programs in nearly all cities in America have chased the middle class, whites and blacks, to the suburbs seeking better schools. Too few whites are left in urban schools to make integration possible. The litigation strategy here was to agitate for a court opinion that would force cities to relocate public-housing complexes into the suburbs—thus in effect recreating neighborhood schools, but via court-ordered neighborhoods.

The trial was a clash not over the facts so much as over what the facts meant. It is undeniable that since World War II, Yonkers had responded to the Federal Government's urgings to participate in urban renewal. Over six thousand units of public housing were built, almost all in the city's southwest side, just north of the Bronx. The relevant fact about southwest Yonkers, city officials argued, was that this was the poor area, and it was the whole idea of Washington's various slum-clearance programs to replace slums with new public housing. In this placement of public housing in poor neighborhoods, Yonkers was hardly alone. For example, Chicago put its public housing where the slums already were, in its south and west sides, and not along the gold coast of Lake Shore Drive or for that matter in suburban Winnetka.

The southwest of Yonkers has been the poor section for many years, but it has not always been a predominantly minority area. Indeed, many of the original occupants of the housing projects, including the now-infamous Mulford Gardens complex, were white. But as, over the years, more

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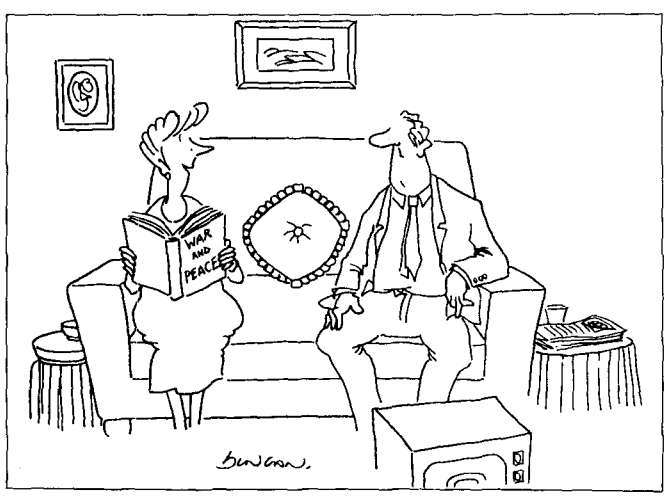
blacks started fleeing the Bronx for Yonkers, the public-housing complexes came to be predominantly black.

Still, the argument was that building almost all of the public housing in one part of the city, combined with the city's program of neighborhood schools, inevitably led to segregated schools. Carter Administration lawyers and the NAACP faced a legal hurdle: the law requires some evidence of intentional racial discrimination to hold a city liable. So they tried to use the Yonkers case to reverse this requirement, by simply alleging a link between statistically segregated housing and segregated schools.

The Reagan Administration lawyers who inherited the case understandably feared any precedent that might loosen the requirement of intentional discrimination. They could have simply discontinued the case, as they did with other dubious cases the Carter lawyers snuck in during the closing months of their tenure. Instead, Mr. Reynolds and his staff decided to argue that there was indeed racial discrimination, thus preserving this as a legal requirement. Ironically, this strategy in the end subverted the very principle they thought they were protecting.

A close reading of Judge Sand's opinion—at 277 pages, no mean feat—shows that he agreed that the law requires intentional discrimination for any liability, and it must be discrimination based on race, not economics. But his findings of fact to show racial discrimination prove little except that a federal trial judge can make rulings in such a way that appeals courts, which usually cannot review the factual determinations of the trial judge, can do nothing to reverse an outrageous decision.

What was the evidence of four decades of racial discrimination in public housing? Any signs of racial discrimination are of course abhorrent, but not necessarily unlawful. Judge Sand acknowledges that, "to be sure, there is little evidence of overtly racial statements by opponents of public housing." Indeed, he cited only two incidents, and those of dubious legal significance. One was a statement to the City Council in 1958 by a private citizen who opposed subsidized housing "to absorb the overflow from Harlem and Puerto Rico." The other was Judge Sand's description of a 1982 meeting where "a white resident of East Yonkers was met with loud applause from an overwhelmingly white audience" when he said that "blacks had ruined neighborhoods in the Bronx and that he did not want the same thing to happen in his neighborhood." There was no smoking gun that the City Council had race in mind when it placed public housing in poor neighborhoods.



Duncan, *Punch* / Rothco

"It's even more remarkable when you think it was written before word processors were invented."

Instead, Judge Sand used peculiar and circumstantial evidence to show that opposition to periodic proposals to put public housing in middle-class neighborhoods was based on race and not on economics. Judge Sand said, for example, that "among the most persuasive indications of racial influence here was the extreme consistency with which community opposition has arisen when the site proposed was in a heavily white area." Note that the phrase "heavily white area" could easily be replaced by "middle-class area." Indeed, what Judge Sand's ruling mainly reveals is his own fascinating hostility to what, before his decision, was generally considered a commendable working of local democracy.

JUDGE SAND admitted that "there is no affirmative duty to promote integration through the construction of subsidized housing." But he was still able to rule against the city for failing to do just that. His theory seems to be that community objections explicitly based on economic concerns were so vociferous that they must actually be a disguise for racial prejudice. Here, in his own words, is Judge Sand's indictment of a political system:

> City Council approval was rarely given in the face of organized opposition to a proposed site by area residents or civic associations.
>
> Plaintiffs suggest that the reason for the City Council's extreme responsiveness to community opposition was the ward system under which the City Council operated, and in particular what plaintiffs contend was an unofficial "councilmanic veto power" held by ward councilmen over matters of importance affecting their wards.
>
> Numerous past and present City officials, including councilmen themselves, testified to the existence of a strong tendency to defer to the views of the ward councilmen.
>
> Numerous council members acknowledged that their own position with respect to sites proposed for subsidized housing in their wards was, in turn, strongly influenced by the views of their constituents.
>
> Moreover, the Planning Board itself was not immune from lobbying by area residents or their representatives.

And finally:

> The political system controlling the decision-making process is shown to be hypersensitive to adverse community reaction.

In other words, "extreme responsiveness" and "hypersensitivity" by elected representatives to the will of the people to keep public housing out of their neighborhoods are now actionable offenses.

Yet even Judge Sand had to acknowledge that the reason for democracy's raising its ugly head was that people were afraid of the obvious fall in property values and likely rise in crime, drugs, and other attributes of federally sponsored housing. "A dominant concern," he ruled, "was the effect that a public-housing project would have on surrounding property values." City officials, he noted, had testified that "many people have sunk their last cent into their homes."

Interestingly, nowhere in his massive opinion does Judge

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Sand explain what he means by "public housing" or "affordable housing" (the latter an oxymoron in a New York housing market ruined by rent control). That is, he made no legal finding about why requiring public housing would be a necessary or even a reasonable remedy for the past discrimination that he insisted he found. He thus avoided many difficult questions, such as: Will such housing only be available to minorities? If so, which ones? Would this discrimination itself be legal? If so, now we have a federal judge ordering racial discrimination.

Nor did he analyze the income levels of the city's blacks compared to the city's whites. If the income level of blacks is below that of whites, is it really racial discrimination that keeps them largely in different neighborhoods? Especially when there are many middle-class blacks in the middle-class neighborhoods?

Nor did he ask whether public housing, regardless of who inhabits it, is a good or a bad thing. Many people, most especially the unfortunate residents, have concluded that government-built public housing makes the worst slums of all. Certainly people who live in what are often drug-infested projects patrolled by gangs, where even the police fear to tread, might wonder if more such projects are really in anyone's best interest.

These are hard questions, and in a sense it's scarcely surprising that Judge Sand ducked them. But these are also the key questions. How can an unelected judge decide on his own that public housing is the best remedy for alleged past discrimination, without confronting them?

THERE WAS immediate and for many months uncompromising opposition to Judge Sand's housing plan, which called for two hundred public-housing units for low-income residents and eight hundred subsidized units for low- to middle-income residents. All would be in the largely middle-class and white parts of Yonkers. The Department of Housing and Urban Development, an original defendant in the case since it had encouraged Yonkers to put public housing in the poor neighborhoods, settled the case by agreeing to pay for the two hundred units.

The Sand plan became the "Yonkers Affordable Housing Ordinance," and he threatened on his own to create a "Yonkers Affordable Housing Commission." Ironically, these names themselves reveal that it was essentially economic and not racial issues at stake. After the Supreme Court refused to reverse the Sand opinion, the City Council tried to stop his plan, again reflecting constituent fears, especially about the effect of the plan on the value of their homes. Judge Sand threatened that unless his plan were approved, he would throw the dissenting councilmen in jail until they changed their votes, hold the city in contempt, and levy fines beginning at $100 and doubling daily. Under these threats, the City Council signed a consent decree in January 1988, approving the plan.

This summer, when the City Council appeared to be dragging its feet, Judge Sand repeated these contempt threats against the council dissidents and the city coffers. Had the council not taken counter-action, the non-refundable fine would have reached $210 million after 22 days—enough to bankrupt the city—and on the 25th day would have come to the tidy total of some $3 billion. This time, Yonkers went to court, and the appeals court invalidated this geometrically progressing fine as a violation of the Constitution's prohibition against "excessive fines," leaving a maximum fine of $1 million a day. The Supreme Court upheld the appeals-court ruling, though it agreed to hear whether a federal judge can really put elected representatives who refuse to vote his way into jail and throw away the key. But by the time the fines were in the $1-million-a-day range, the City Council caved in.

The Justice Department took a surprising position as Judge Sand battled with the City Council. Once the January 1988 consent decree was signed, the department essentially treated the dispute as no more than a case of a judge using his court power of contempt to force compliance with a decree—similar to enforcing a contract. This was a politically convenient position for the department to take; after all, judges do not violate separation of powers when they simply use their contempt-of-court sanctions. But there are two problems with this position. The first is that Judge Sand coerced the consent decree in the first place by threatening what higher courts have now declared were unconstitutional fines. The other is that the Reagan Justice Department has frequently challenged consent decrees based on court rulings that misread the law.

Despite the rhetoric from Judge Sand and others that painted Yonkers as a modern-day Selma, the fierce opposition to the housing plan is clearly economic. For one thing, the Sand plan will create a glut of housing in the suburb. The eight hundred units of "affordable housing" would be included as part of four thousand new apartment units to be built over four years. This means a huge surge in development, about four times the recent rate of building in the city, in concentrations twice as dense as the city's zoning laws would have allowed. Even aside from the issue of forced integration of neighborhoods by economic class, this would have a serious effect on property values simply by so quickly expanding the supply of units.

Real-estate agents report a huge increase in house sellers, a fact obvious to anyone who drives through Yonkers, with its ubiquitous "For Sale" signs. Many homes worth some $200,000 last year are on the market in the $125,000 range. Among other problems, Yonkers is already a densely populated city, with few undeveloped areas. One possibility is putting some of the new residences where the few parks now are. A former Justice Department lawyer who worked on the case says he burst into tears when he discovered that one possible site was a neighborhood's only softball field. For the many residents who had worked for years to scrape together enough to escape the Bronx for Yonkers, this is a heavy blow.

Among those who recognized the overwhelming economic nature of the objections to the Sand plan was the liberal governor, Mario Cuomo. He refused to help Judge Sand coerce Yonkers into agreeing to the plan. He explained: "I don't believe that people would object to Lena Horne. I don't think they would object to Harry Belafonte. I think they're afraid of poverty, and that they associate welfare and low income, whether you're Italian, Greek, Irish, or upstate Clinton County." That drew support from many people in Yonkers, including one woman who told the *New York Times* that Lena Horne or Harry Belafonte would be perfectly fine, but she'd "especially like to live next to Pearl Bailey."

Bernadette McLoughlin, one of the organizers of a group

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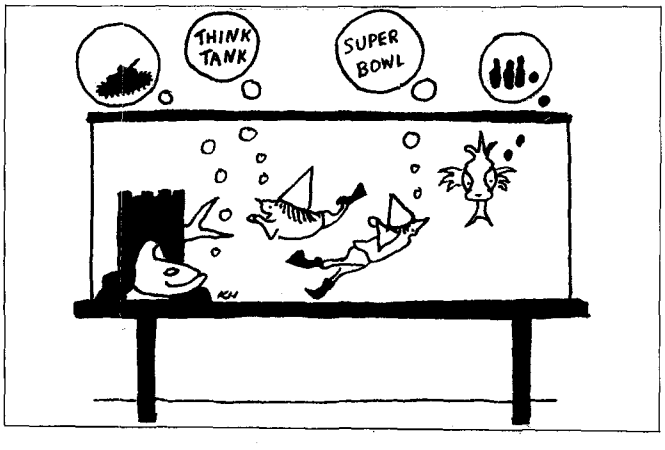
of civic organizations called the Save Yonkers Federation, tells a chilling story of a meeting Judge Sand held this past spring with community opponents to his plan. She says, "I told him we were not racists, that we were worried about our neighborhoods. Then he said something that shocked me. He said he could go around the country and ask audiences for all the racists to raise their hands and no one would." His response infuriated many residents, who thereafter dug in for the long fight.

To some degree, the problem here was treating housing and the public schools as a single issue. There is a huge difference between housing and education. In our public schools, we expect and rightly demand equal access and opportunities for every student. People's expectations about the neighborhoods they live in are entirely different. We have never had a right—constitutional, moral, or otherwise—to live in any neighborhood we choose. Few of us can afford to live on Park Avenue or in Beverly Hills, Grosse Pointe or Palm Beach.

In Yonkers, treating education and housing as if they raised identical issues not surprisingly called forth a terrible fury from those whose expectations in the form of property rights had been so clearly dashed. It is unfortunate that neither Judge Sand nor the Justice Department, which is also charged with protecting economic civil rights, recognized this problem. The property-rights issue is now likely to lead to some fascinating constitutional litigation by the homeowners, which may finally offer a solution that might help calm the outrage now felt in Yonkers.

The U.S. Constitution explicitly protects property rights. The Fifth Amendment says, ". . . nor shall private property be taken for public use, without just compensation." The meaning of the takings clause is that the government can take private property, but only for a public purpose and only if just compensation is paid. Yet Judge Sand has taken private property without compensation, penalizing individual homeowners who did not discriminate against anyone, by mandating public housing in their neighborhoods. Their private property is the lost value in their homes, "taken" in order to fulfill the alleged public-purpose goal of integrating their neighborhoods.

In the usual situation, the taking is done by a legislature that must appropriate the funds to reimburse the owners. Here, of course, the taking will occur because of a court order. This raises the interesting question of who the most appropriate defendant in a lawsuit for takings without compensation might be. The Yonkers City Council? The U.S. Justice Department? Judge Sand? The Supreme Court has in recent years rejuvenated the takings clause, which had been largely ignored to make room for the New Deal. The result of any lawsuit by Yonkers homeowners is unpredictable, but it would be a serious case. It would also serve to remind all the participants that someone must pay for such social engineering. If the residents and Governor Cuomo are right and this is all about economic interests and not racism, an arrangement to compensate homeowners might placate many angry residents.



One of the most unsettling aspects of this case is the spectacle of personal attacks on Judge Sand himself. Yonkers residents angry at his handling of the case take every opportunity to note that he has a home in the exclusive Westchester County town of Pound Ridge—which is roughly to affluent Scarsdale as Yonkers is to the Bronx. There are certainly no public-housing units among the estates of Pound Ridge. Yonkers residents picketed his home several times, and his meetings with residents were punctuated with demands that he give up a few acres for public housing.

The anti-Sand rhetoric was often ugly. The day before two of his colleagues changed their votes under the pressure of the crippling fines, Councilman Edward J. Fagan Jr. unloaded at a late-night City Council meeting: "Clearly, the blood is on the judge's hands," he said. "Judge Sand is a truly evil person, a heinous human being. The revolution has started and working people have to rise up. I hope there's a God up there that will strike him down."

Now of course judges must do what they think is right under the law. But there are huge risks not just to judges individually but to the rule of law itself when so many law-abiding citizens are convinced that a judge is expressing his own personal view of how the world should be rather than what the law demands. This is the essence of judicial activism, and we are seeing that this abuse of power can result in a backlash so grievous that people on all sides of the Yonkers case should be concerned.

It's also worth noting that if the legal analysis here is applied in other cases, we could soon see more knock-down, drag-out fights. The consultant Judge Sand hired to identify likely sites for public housing, Oscar Newman, says that "to believe that Yonkers is an isolated incident is really nothing short of self-deception." Mr. Newman, president of the Institute for Community Design Analysis, warned that "the pattern of housing discrimination that occurred in Yonkers occurred, I would say, in most of the suburban communities in the nation." Ironically, of course, this is precisely what Yonkers officials originally argued. All cities, from Miami to Seattle, from Boston to Los Angeles, located public housing in poor neighborhoods.

The most poignant irony is that Yonkers would not be in its current predicament if the city had never accepted offers of federal largesse to build new public housing and clear out the old slums. If, like its almost-all-white neighbors, Yonkers had never built subsidized housing, it could never be accused of using these projects to segregate by race. The people of Yonkers have thus learned the hard way the oldest lesson of political society: Government is a fickle friend, which will eventually find some way to make its beneficiaries pay. □

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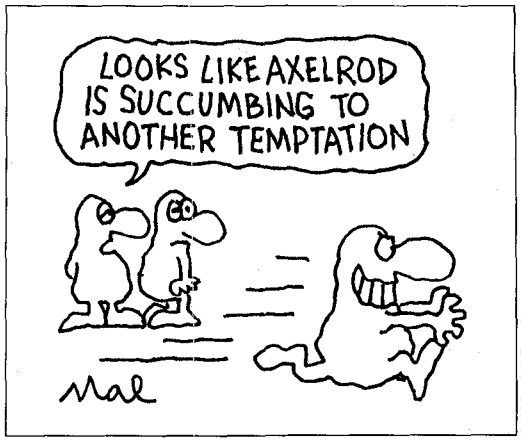
help !!!!



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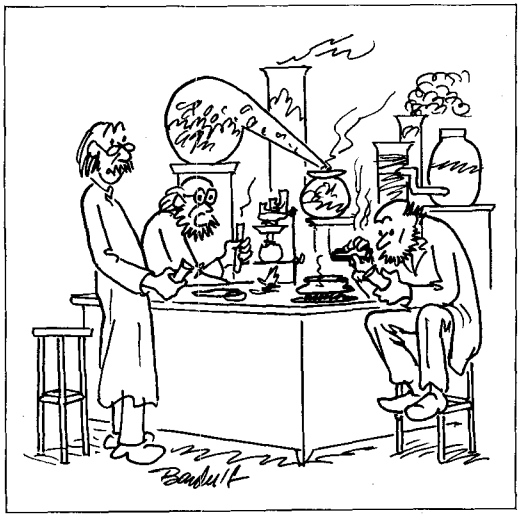
Greetings from Massachusetts

In Boston Harbor, where the sludge
Can rival Istanbul's,
Depending on prevailing winds
And how a full moon pulls,
George Bush arranged a sailing day
With half the press in tow
And, with a hanky to his nose,
Deplored the status quo.

W. H. von Dreele



"He's discovered a food that doesn't cause cancer unless taken internally."

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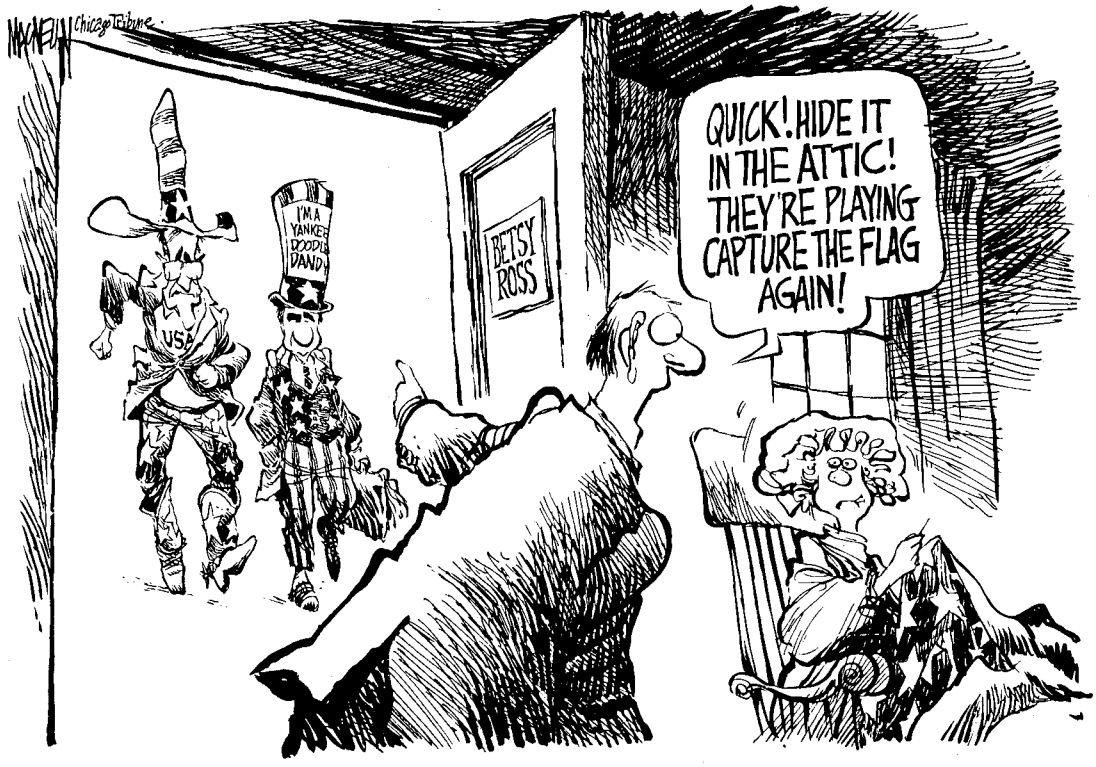
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QUICK! HIDE IT IN THE ATTIC! THEY'RE PLAYING CAPTURE THE FLAG AGAIN!

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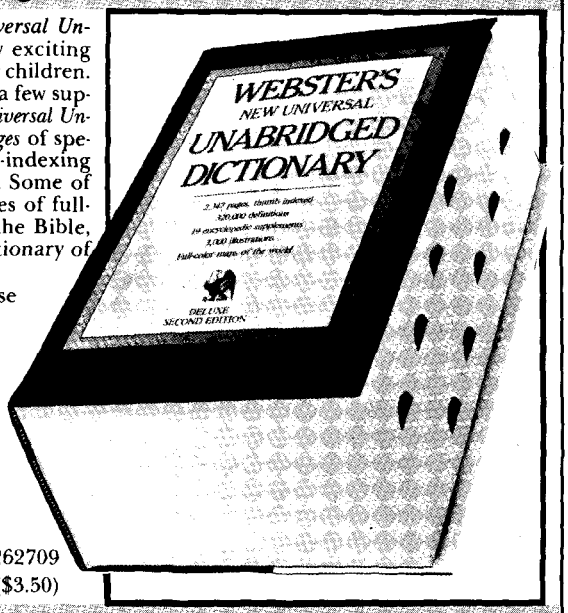

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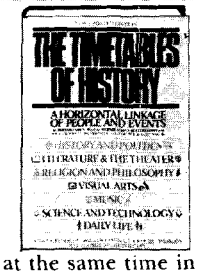

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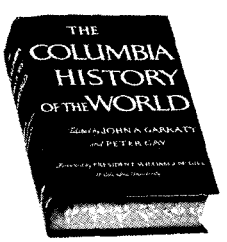

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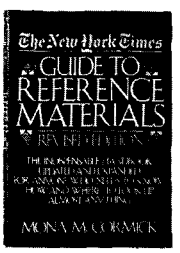

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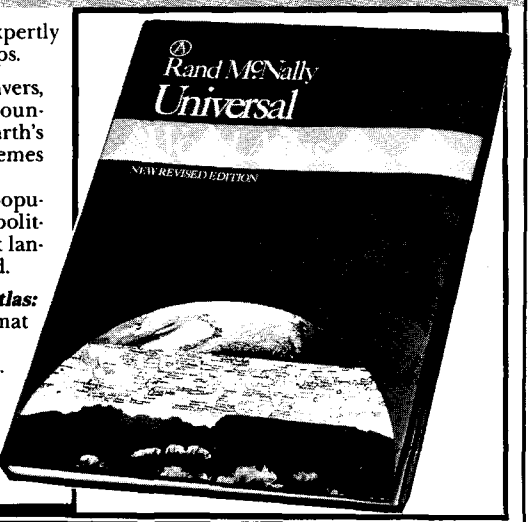

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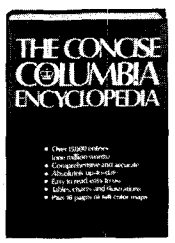

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'WHAT I SAW WHEN I WAS DEAD'

My first attack of pneumonia occurred in the United States. I was in hospital for ten days in New York, after which the doctors said that I was well enough to leave. A final X-ray, however, which I underwent on the last morning, revealed that one of my lungs was not yet free from infection. This caused the most sympathetic of my doctors to suggest that it would be good for me to spend a few more days in hospital. I respected his opinion but since I was already dressed and psychologically disposed to put my illness behind me, I decided to take the risk. I spent the next few days in my stepdaughter's apartment, and then made arrangements to fly back to England.

When I arrived I believed myself to be cured and incontinently plunged into an even more hectic social round than that to which I had become habituated before I went to America.

Retribution struck me on Sunday, May 30. I had gone out to lunch, had a great deal to eat and drink, and chattered incessantly. That evening I had a relapse. I could eat almost none of the food which a friend had brought to cook in my house.

On the next day, which was a bank holiday, I had a long-standing engagement to lunch at the Savoy with a friend who was very eager for me to meet her son. I would have put them off if I could, but my friend lives in Exeter and I had no idea how to reach her in London. So I took a taxi to the Savoy and just managed to stagger into the lobby. I could eat hardly any of the delicious grilled sole that I ordered but forced myself to keep up my end of the conversation. I left early and took a taxi home.

That evening I felt still worse. Once more I could eat almost none of the dinner another friend had brought me. Indeed, she was so alarmed by my weakness that she stayed overnight. When I was no better the next morning, she telephoned to my general practitioner and to my elder son, Julian.

The doctor did little more than promise to try to get in touch with the specialist, but Julian, who is unobtrusively very efficient, immediately rang for an ambulance. The ambulance came quickly with two strong attendants, and yet another friend, who had called opportunely to pick up a key, accompanied it and me to University College Hospital.

I remember very little of what happened from then on. I was taken to a room in the private wing, which had been reserved for me by the specialist, who had a consulting room on the same floor. After being X-rayed and subjected to a number of tests, which proved beyond question that I was suffering gravely from pneumonia, I was moved into intensive care in the main wing of the hospital.

Fortunately for me, the young doctor who was primarily responsible for me had been an undergraduate at New College, Oxford, while I was a Fellow. This made him extremely anxious to see that I recovered; almost too much so, in fact, for he was so much in awe of me that he forbade me to be disturbed at night, even when the experienced sister and nurse believed it to be necessary.

Under his care and theirs I made such good progress that I expected to be moved out of intensive care and back into the private wing within a week. My disappointment was my own fault. I did not attempt to eat the hospital food. My family and friends supplied all the food I needed. I am particularly fond of smoked salmon, and one evening I carelessly tossed a slice of it into my throat. It went down the wrong way and almost immediately the graph recording my heartbeats plummeted.

The ward sister rushed to the rescue, but she was unable to prevent my heart from stopping. She and the doctor subsequently told me that I died in this sense for four minutes, and I have had no reason to disbelieve them.

The doctor alarmed my son Nicholas, who had flown from New York to be by my bedside, by saying that it was not probable that I should recover, and moreover, that if I did recover physically it was not probable that my mental powers would be restored. The nurses were more optimistic, and Nicholas sensibly chose to believe them.

I have no recollection of anything that was done to me at that time. Friends have told me that I was festooned with tubes, but I have never learned how many of them there were or, with one exception, what purposes they served. I do not remember having a tube inserted in my throat to bring up the quantity of phlegm which had lodged in my lungs. I was not even aware of my numerous visitors, so many of them, in fact, that the sister had to set a quota. I know that the doctors and nurses were surprised by the speed of my recovery and that when I started speaking, the specialist expressed astonishment that anyone with so little oxygen in his lungs should be so lucid.

My first recorded utterance, which convinced those who heard it that I had not lost my wits, was the exclamation: "You are all mad." I am not sure how this should be interpreted. It is possible that I took my audience to be

Sir Alfred Ayer is the author of, among other works, Language, Truth, and Logic, The Origins of Pragmatism, *and* Russell and Moore: The Analytical Heritage. . . . *This article is published by arrangement with the (London)* Sunday Telegraph.

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Christians and was telling them that I had not discovered anything "on the other side." It is also possible that I took them to be skeptics and was implying that I had discovered something. I think the former is more probable, as in the latter case I should more properly have exclaimed, "We are all mad." All the same, I cannot be sure.

The earliest remarks of which I have any cognizance, apart from my first exclamation, were made several hours after my return to life. They were addressed to a Frenchwoman with whom I had been friends for over 15 years. I woke to find her seated by my bedside and started talking to her in French as soon as I recognized her.

My French is fluent and I spoke rapidly, approximately as follows: "Did you know that I was dead? The first time that I tried to cross the river I was frustrated, but my second attempt succeeded. It was most extraordinary. My thoughts became persons."

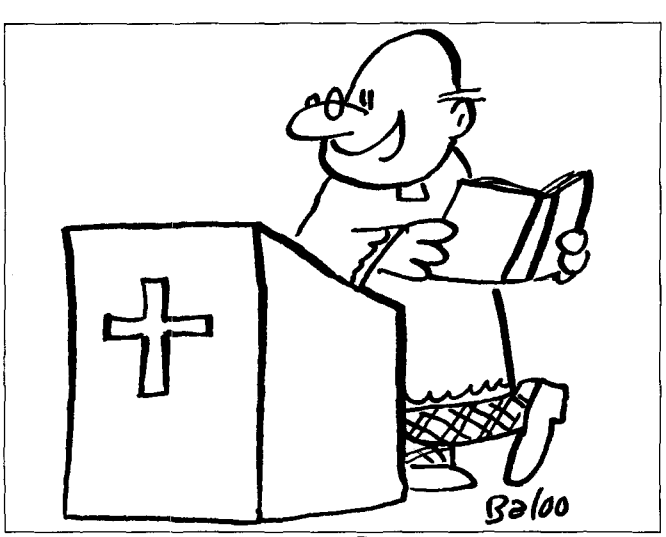
The content of those remarks suggests that I have not wholly put my classical education behind me. In Greek mythology the souls of the dead, now only shadowly embodied, were obliged to cross the river Styx in order to reach Hades, after paying an obol to the ferryman, Charon.

I may also have been reminded of my favorite philosopher, David Hume, who, during his last illness, "a disorder of the bowels," imagined that Charon, growing impatient, was calling him "a lazy loitering rogue." With his usual politeness, Hume replied that he saw without regret his death approaching and that he was making no effort to postpone it. This is one of the rare occasions on which I have failed to follow Hume. Clearly I had made an effort to prolong my life.

The only memory that I have of an experience, closely encompassing my death, is very vivid.

I was confronted by a red light, exceedingly bright, and also very painful even when I turned away from it. I was aware that this light was responsible for the government of the universe. Among its ministers were two creatures who had been put in charge of space.

These ministers periodically inspected space and had recently carried out such an inspection. They had, however, failed to do their work properly, with the result that space, like a badly fitting jigsaw puzzle, was slightly out of joint.



"All righteе, guys and gals—let's all turn to page 127 of our King Jim Bibles . . ."

A further consequence was that the laws of nature had ceased to function as they should. I felt that it was up to me to put things right. I also had the motive of finding a way to extinguish the painful light. I assumed that it was signaling that space was awry and that it would switch itself off when order was restored.

Unfortunately, I had no idea where the guardians of space had gone and feared that even if I found them I should not be able to communicate with them.

It then occurred to me that whereas, until the present century, physicists accepted the Newtonian severance of space and time, it had become customary, since the vindication of Einstein's general theory of relativity, to treat space-time as a single whole. Accordingly, I thought that I could cure space by operating upon time.

I was vaguely aware that the ministers who had been given charge of time were in my neighborhood and I proceeded to hail them. I was again frustrated. Either they did not hear me, or they chose to ignore me, or they did not understand me. I then hit upon the expedient of walking up and down, waving my watch, in the hope of drawing their attention not to my watch itself but to the time which it measured. This elicited no response. I became more and more desperate, until the experience suddenly came to an end.

THIS EXPERIENCE could well have been delusive. A slight indication that it might have been veridical has been supplied by my French friend, or rather by her mother, who also underwent a heart arrest many years ago. When her daughter asked her what it had been like, she replied that all that she remembered was that she must stay close to the red light.

On the face of it, these experiences, on the assumption that the last one was veridical, are rather strong evidence that death does not put an end to consciousness.

Does it follow that there is a future life? Not necessarily. The trouble is that there are different criteria for being dead, which are indeed logically compatible but may not always be satisfied together.

In this instance, I am given to understand that the arrest of the heart does not entail, either logically or causally, the arrest of the brain. In view of the very strong evidence in favor of the dependence of thoughts upon the brain, the most probable hypothesis is that my brain continued to function although my heart had stopped.

If I had acquired good reason to believe in a future life, it would have applied not only to myself. Admittedly, the philosophical problem of justifying one's confident belief in the existence and contents of other minds has not yet been satisfactorily solved. Even so, with the possible exception of Fichte—who proclaimed that the world was his idea but may not have meant it literally—no philosopher has acquiesced in solipsism. No philosopher has seriously asserted that of all the objects in the universe, he alone was conscious. Moreover it is commonly taken for granted, not only by philosophers, that the minds of others bear a sufficiently close analogy to one's own. Consequently, if I had been vouchsafed a reasonable expectation of a future life, other human beings could expect one too.

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Let us grant, for the sake of argument, that we could have future lives. What form could they take?

The easiest answer is that they would consist in the prolongation of our experiences, without any physical attachment. This is the theory that should appeal to radical empiricists. It is, indeed, consistent with the concept of personal identity which was adopted both by Hume and by William James, according to which one's identity consists, not in the possession of an enduring soul, but in the sequence of one's experiences, guaranteed by memory. They did not apply their theory to a future life, in which Hume at any rate disbelieved.

FOR THOSE who are attracted by this theory, as I am, the main problem, which Hume admitted that he was unable to solve, is to discover the relation, or relations, which have to hold between experiences for them to belong to one and the same self.

William James thought that he had found the answers with his relations of the felt togetherness and continuity of our thoughts and sensations, coupled with memory, in order to unite experiences that are separated in time. But while memory is undoubtedly necessary, it can be shown that it is not wholly sufficient.

I myself carried out a thorough examination and development of the theory in my book *The Origins of Pragmatism*. I was reluctantly forced to conclude that I could not account for personal identity without falling back on the identity, through time, of one or more bodies that the person might successively occupy. Even then, I was unable to give a satisfactory account of the way in which a series of experiences is tied to a particular body at any given time.

The admission that personal identity through time requires the identity of a body is a surprising feature of Christianity. I call it surprising because it seems to me that Christians are apt to forget that the resurrection of the body is an element in their creed. The question of how bodily identity is sustained over intervals of time is not so difficult. The answer might consist in postulating a reunion of the same atoms, perhaps in there being no more than a strong physical resemblance, possibly fortified by a similarity of behavior.

A prevalent fallacy is the assumption that a proof of an after-life would also be a proof of the existence of a deity. This is far from being the case. If, as I hold, there is no good reason to believe that a god either created or presides over this world, there is equally no good reason to believe that a god created or presides over the next world, on the unlikely supposition that such a thing exists.

It is conceivable that one's experiences in the next world, if there are any, will supply evidence of a god's existence, but we have no right to presume on such evidence, when we have not had the relevant experiences.

It is worth remarking, in this connection, that the two important Cambridge philosophers in this century, J. M. E. McTaggart and C. D. Broad, who have believed, in McTaggart's case that he would certainly survive his death, in Broad's that there was about a 50 per cent probability that he would, were both of them atheists.

McTaggart derived his certainty from his metaphysics, which implied that what we confusedly perceive as material objects, in some cases housing minds, are really souls, eternally viewing one another with something of the order of love.

The less fanciful Broad was impressed by the findings of psychical research. He was certainly too intelligent to think that the superior performances of a few persons in the game of guessing unseen cards, which he painstakingly proved to be statistically significant, had any bearing upon the likelihood of a future life. He must therefore have been persuaded by the testimony of mediums. He was surely aware that most mediums have been shown to be frauds, but he was convinced that some have not been.

Not that this made him optimistic. He took the view that this world was very nasty and that there was a fair chance that the next world, if it existed, was even nastier. Consequently, he had no compelling desire to survive. He just thought that there was an even chance of his doing so. One of his better epigrams was that if one went by the reports of mediums, life in the next world was like a perpetual bump supper at a Welsh university.

If Broad was an atheist, my friend Dr. Alfred Ewing was not. Ewing, who considered Broad to be a better philosopher than Wittgenstein, was naïf, unworldly even by academic standards, intellectually shrewd, unswervingly honest, and a devout Christian. Once, to tease him, I said: "Tell me, Alfred, what do you most look forward to in the next world?" He replied immediately: "God will tell me whether there are *a priori* propositions." It is a wry comment on the strange character of our subject that this answer should be so funny.

MY EXCUSE for repeating this story is that such philosophical problems as the question whether the propositions of logic and pure mathematics are deductively analytic or factually synthetic, and, if they are analytic, whether they are true by convention, are not to be solved by acquiring more information.

What is needed is that we succeed in obtaining a clearer view of what the problems involve. One might hope to achieve this in a future life, but really we have no good reason to believe that our intellects will be any sharper in the next world, if there is one, than they are in this. A god, if one exists, might make them so, but this is not something that even the most enthusiastic deist can count on.

The only philosophical problem that our finding ourselves landed on a future life might clarify would be that of the relation between mind and body, if our future lives consisted, not in the resurrection of our bodies, but in the prolongation of the series of our present experiences. We should then be witnessing the triumph of dualism, though not the dualism which Descartes thought that he had established. If our lives consisted in an extended series of experiences, we should still have no good reason to regard ourselves as spiritual substances.

So there it is. My recent experiences have slightly weakened my conviction that my genuine death, which is due fairly soon, will be the end of me, though I continue to hope that it will be. They have not weakened my conviction that there is no god. I trust that my remaining an atheist will allay the anxieties of my fellow supporters of the Humanist Association, the Rationalist Press, and the South Place Ethical Society. □

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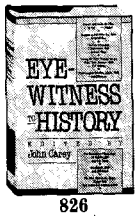

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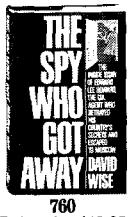

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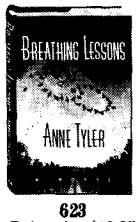

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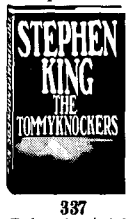

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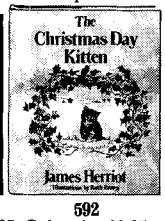

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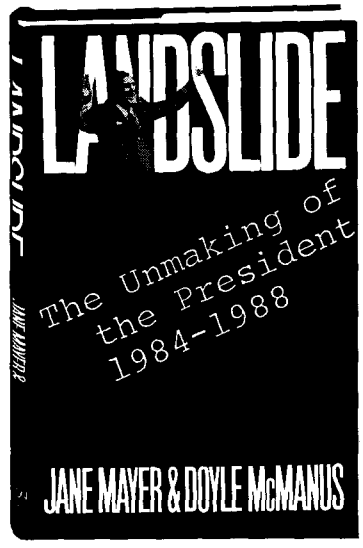

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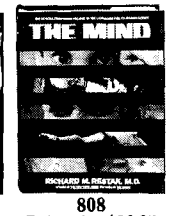

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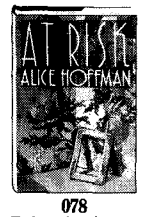

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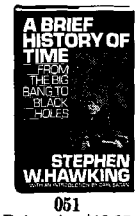

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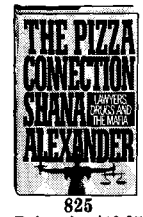

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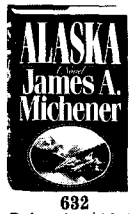

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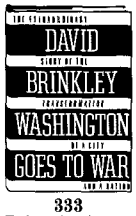

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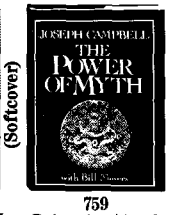

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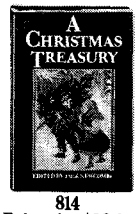

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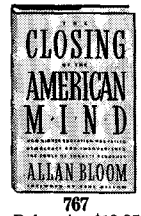

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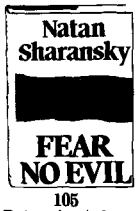

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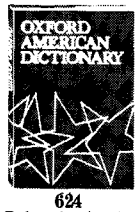

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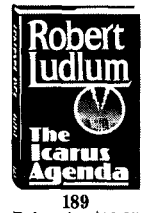

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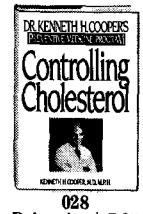

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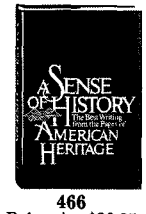

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STUART GOLDMAN

Morton Downey,
Eat Your Heart Out

I Was a Hit Man for the L.A. Times

May the fleas of a thousand camels infest your armpits. —Old Arab Curse

The following is a tale of one man's strange ordeal. From one point of view, it is the story of the transformation of a simple man into a monster, a creature without mercy . . . a cruel, cold-blooded assassin. From another angle, it is a tale of the miraculous—a story of the birth of a warrior of truth, a lone emissary of justice, sent here to save a longstanding, noble tradition and perhaps even to redeem lost souls in the process. We present the story here verbatim, without any partiality. We leave the judgment as to whether it is a tragedy or a case of divine intervention up to you, the reader.

IN THE BEGINNING, I was just another boring freelance writer. Well, that's not quite true. Even while I was working as a pop music critic for the *Los Angeles Times*, my tendency was to harangue—hell, let's be honest: to *trash*—the groups I was assigned to review. And why not? Most of them were horrible beyond belief. I simply saw no point in saying otherwise.

While working for the *Times*, I began, just for the fun of it, to write letters to the editor—pseudonymously, of course. Most of these consisted of tirades against other reviewers at the paper. To my surprise, every single letter I wrote got published, despite the *Times*'s policy of checking the validity of the letter-writer by requesting a phone number (all one needed do, I discovered, was to leave numbers of phone booths around town, where of course no one ever answered). In fact, not only did they get printed, but the letters themselves generated much heated response—most of which was penned by yours truly.

My favorite alter ego was a fellow named Irving Melrose Jr., who claimed to subsist solely on a diet of peanut butter and fifty cups of coffee per day. He maintained that no other sustenance was necessary for a healthy life. Not only did Melrose love to spout off about his theories on food, he was also fond of heaping abuse upon the heads of the *Times* restaurant reviewers, whose work he found approximately equivalent to fifth-rate pornography.

Melrose's prime victim was head restaurant critic Lois Dwan, who reportedly broke down in tears after one particularly ugly letter in which Melrose suggested that Miss Dwan's carefully detailed descriptions of the act of consuming food were obviously sublimations for a severely twisted sexual libido.

Soon, other of my alter egos began to appear not only on the *Times*'s letters page, but in other papers, and even in several national magazines. Among the characters who showed up were the likes of Van Lingle Zuckerman, Earsell Bagley III, Kelley Roy Hobbes, D'Artagnan Weustling, and Althea Mackabee-Slatts. As time passed, my thirst for the jugular increased. In fact, it came to border on an obsession. Soon, I realized something: after years of searching, I had found what every writer seeks—his voice. True, it wasn't a very nice voice; but I enjoyed it, and—most important of all—I was very good at it.

When I was offered an opportunity to write a regular column for *The Los Angeles Reader*, a weekly paper, I jumped at the chance. But a decision was in order. Was I going to write another routine column, perhaps a listing of interesting, off-the-beaten-track spots in L.A.? I was not!

My first column, "A Declaration of War," trashed everyone and everything within striking distance. It was rich stuff, and promptly generated a ton of angry mail—most of which was penned by my trusty pseudonymous cohorts.

Soon, however, real letters began to pour in—averaging about sixty per column. Basically, half the readers hated me, the other half loved me. The latter gave me heaps of praise, while the former offered me a sex-change operation, minus anaesthesia. No kidding. I also received death threats, so I began carrying a Smith & Wesson .38, and when I appeared in public, I showed up with two bodyguards. Partly for show, but partly for health reasons.

THE MOST POPULAR column that first year was a little beauty entitled "Why I Love to Hate"; it was simply a list of things that bugged me, including yuppies, feminists, homosexuals, vegetarians, mimes, Satanists, brat-packers, radio therapists, self-service gas-station pumps, Negroes carrying ghetto blasters, answering machines with cute messages, missing kids' faces on milk cartons, overly friendly waiters, sweaty, fat ladies in jogging suits, people who tell you to "think positive," bald guys who try to comb their hair backward over the bald spot, women who bring babies to movie theaters, stupid movies about teenagers . . . plus a high percentage of nurses, telephone operators, Scientologists, and Democrats.

Soon the inevitable happened. A new column I was slated to write for *The L.A. Weekly* was killed when the entire staff signed a petition to have me ousted. In that petition, many of the

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labels I'd be saddled with over the ensuing months showed up for the first time. According to the petition signers, I was racist, sexist, homophobic, and (for shame) *mean-spirited.*

At the time, I had no image of myself as a liberal, a conservative, or anything, really. I was just a guy writing a column. It was only later I'd learn that these terms were the stock-in-trade of liberals when they took exception with your point of view.

STILL, INSTINCTIVELY, I knew that the petition provided a golden opportunity for me to add fuel to my already growing fire. I secured a copy of the petition and ran it verbatim in my *Reader* column. The accompanying copy, entitled "They Picked On the Wrong Guy," was, according to my editor, "clearly the most vicious piece of writing" he'd ever read. I most certainly took some good shots at my attackers, many of them decidedly below the belt. In addition to referring to them as "a cancerous amalgamation of aging hippies, ex-radicals, New Agers, queers, half-crazed leftists, pleasure seekers, neurotics, power-mongers and dangerously unstable humanists," I packed the column chock full of embarrassing personal facts about my foes, many of whom had been former friends and colleagues. I lambasted them about everything from their political beliefs (the managing editor was a Marxist), to their sexual leanings (many of them were homosexuals), to their lack of hair (many of the men—I use the term loosely—were balding).

Thus was born the Journalistic Hit Man.

The results, I suppose, were to be expected. I was dumped from the *Los Angeles Times* (not formally, mind you—they simply removed me from the master computer), to which I had contributed regularly for seven years. I lost several deals on scripts I'd written when the film companies identified me as the writer of "that column," and I was hired and fired from four more newspapers. However, I was picked up by a syndicate, so I felt somewhat vindicated.

Meanwhile, I made an interesting discovery: the type of column I was writing was nothing new. I was simply continuing in the grand old tradition of muckraking, following in the footsteps of crusty curmudgeons like Ida M. Tarbell, H. L. Mencken, G. K. Chesterton, and Lincoln Steffens. Now *those* boys could get really nasty.

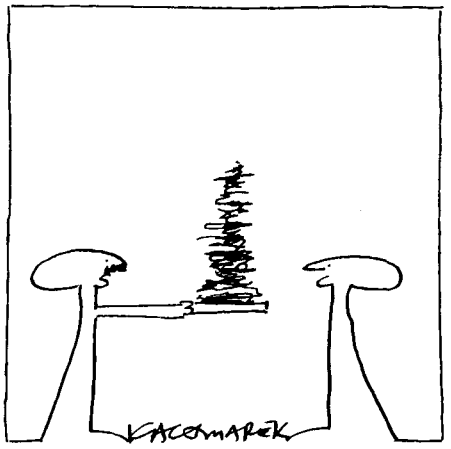
My studies revealed that history abounded with great moments of verbal abuse. Take Prince Hal to Falstaff in *Henry IV, Part I*: *Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humors, that bolting-hutch of beastliness, that swollen parcel of dropsies, that huge bombard of sack, that stuffed cloak-bag of guts, that roasted Manningtree ox with the pudding in his belly, that reverend vice, that grey iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years?*

Or how about Gabriel Harvey bashing the writer Thomas Nashe: *Vain Nashe, railing Nashe, cracking Nashe, bibbing Nashe, baggage Nashe, swaddish Nashe, roguish Nashe . . . the swish-swash of the press, the bum of impudency, the shambles of beastliness . . . the toadstool of the realm.*

Wonderful stuff, no?

Over the next year or so, I noticed a curious thing happening: Whereas previously I'd lapped up the works of Henry Miller, John Barth, and Norman Mailer, now I found succor in William Buckley, Norman Podhoretz, Jeane Kirkpatrick, and Joseph Sobran. With the new vantage point provided by these writers, I found—for the first time in my life—that my enemy was coming into focus. He now had a face and a name. He was the homosexual activist, the ACLU lawyer, the feminist attorney, the NEA advocate, the androgynous rock star, and the New Age huckster. He was Norman Lear, Alan Alda, Shirley MacLaine, Eleanor Smeal, Maharishi Mahesh Yogi, and, worst of all, Boy George.

Alongside my growing conservatism,



"You the one who ordered a pizza with everything on it?"

the other major change in my life took place when I accepted Christianity. Unfortunately, I wasn't welcomed with open arms by my Christian brethren. When the church I was attending got wind of my column, they wrote me a polite but firm letter asking me not to attend services. "You're a bad witness for the Lord," one of the elders told me. When I reminded him that God had a special task for each man, he huffed his cheeks and muttered something about my spiritual immaturity. When I pointed out Jesus could get pretty rough with Pharisees, he glanced at his watch and said he was late for a meeting.

Ah, well. Nobody had ever said it was going to be easy.

OH, SOMETIMES it seems that over the years my fires have been slightly damped. But then I hear the stinging yap of Gloria Allred, or I see some hideous sexual mutant making millions of dollars selling pornography under the banner of rock 'n' roll, and I'm hot on the trail again.

To me, there's no more elevated description of my calling than that expressed by Norman Mailer in *Advertisements for Myself.* Mailer wrote: *It would be exhausting for me to pretend to be nicer than I really am. Indeed, it would be downright debilitating to the best of my creative energies. So I do not care to approach the public as a lover, nor could I succeed for that matter. I started as a generous but very spoiled boy, and I seem to have turned into a slightly punch-drunk and ugly club fighter who can fight clean and fight dirty, but likes to fight. . . . I have not gotten nicer as I have grown older. . . . I've burned away too much of my creative energy, and picked up too slowly on the hard, grim, and maybe manly knowledge that if I am to go on saying what my anger tells me it is true to say, I must get better at overriding the indifference which comes from the snobs, arbiters, managers, and conforming maniacs who manipulate most of the world of letters and sense at the core of their unconscious that the ambition of a writer like myself is to become consecutively more disruptive, more dangerous, and more powerful.*

Truly, I don't think there could be a better motto for the Journalistic Hit Man. □

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THE AIDS NUMBERS RACKET: CHAPTER 37

ANDY WARHOL didn't just say that in the future everyone would be famous for 15 minutes. By making his own fame ride on giant paintings of Campbell's Soup cans, he *proved* it. It is now the future, and with Roper polls indicating that no magazine and newspaper articles are read by more of the public than those on AIDS, the ticket to that promised quarter-hour is most cheaply bought by proclamations of fresh news about that disease. Especially bad news.

Messrs. Kevin Hopkins and William Johnston, both researchers at the Indianapolis-based Hudson Institute, have caught the eye of the media by criticizing the Centers for Disease Control (CDC) estimate regarding the number of Americans infected with the AIDS virus (HIV). The Hudson report, which was endorsed by President Reagan's former science advisor Dr. George A. Keyworth, suggests that from 1.9 million to three million Americans were infected with the AIDS virus by the end of 1987, more than twice the CDC estimate of 945,000 to 1.4 million. The report also argues that the total includes 200,000 to 500,000 heterosexuals who are not intravenous-drug abusers (IVDAs), many times the official estimate.

Scary stuff, to be sure. And the media dutifully reported the bottom-line figures, without going into the theory behind them.

In this case it must be conceded that the media weren't given much theory to work with. Instead, most of the Hudson report is devoted not to explaining its own calculations but to criticizing other theories. It notes, correctly, that no single theory yet offered can deduce anything near an exact estimate of nationwide seroprevalence. All are skewed in some direction or another, and attempts to compensate only amount to sophisticated guessing. But the theories they criticize at least provide a basis on which they can be evaluated, and on which their numbers can be recalculated using other variables. By contrast, the Hudson theory is what mathematicians call "black boxing"—throwing numbers into a box and pulling out whichever ones are suitable.

THE AUTHORS' method of figuring total infections has two parts. First, they calculate backward to find out how many people were infected by 1984. By using the present number of AIDS cases and the rate at which infections progress to AIDS, one may estimate how many infections there were a few years ago. (An estimate for any time more recent than 1984 or 1985 really isn't possible since almost no infections develop into AIDS in the first two years.)

This approach is straightforward. It is like deducing from a car's current position and a knowledge of its rate of speed—say, sixty miles an hour—that an hour earlier it was sixty miles further back on the highway. What makes its application to seropositivity estimation difficult is that: 1) no one knows exactly how many AIDS cases there have been (the CDC has estimated that under-reporting could hide as many as 20 per cent of cases), and 2) the progression rate isn't etched in stone either, although several studies seem to have formed a fairly strong consensus. (The report offers a table, which happens to be correct, based on an average of four studies. It shows cumulative rates of 3 per cent at three years, 20 per cent at six years, and 45 per cent at nine years, meaning that at nine years after infection we can expect 45 per cent of seropositives to have developed AIDS.)

Unfortunately, the authors are more than a little confused. At first they state (correctly) that "if the assumed rate [of progression] is faster than the actual rate, then the predicted number of HIV infections will be lower than it actually is." Thus, if the assumption that our hypothetical car was going sixty proves false and indeed it was only going thirty, then its starting position wasn't sixty miles back, it was only thirty. Yet later the authors state that "the more severe the underestimate [of the progression rate], the greater the number of historical infections there will be." This is the opposite of what they earlier stated and the opposite of the truth. It could be that they are confusing progression rate with median incubation time of the virus (shown by the table referred to above as slightly over nine years), which has been repeatedly underestimated.

Since they don't bother to show their calculations, we can't be sure which formula they used, but it appears to be the latter. Thus the basis for the figure which the Hudson report uses to show infections as of 1984—as high as 1,220,000—is fatally flawed. By contrast, Dr. Joel Hay, a senior research fellow at the Hoover Institution, has used progression calculation to establish only about 700,000 infections as of 1988.

Having established (incorrectly) a figure for infections as of 1984, the Hudson report thence seeks to establish how widely the epidemic has spread since. We are given the results of three scenarios, which estimate the spread as being anywhere from several hundred thousand infections to over

(Continues on page 60)

Mr. Fumento, a frequent NR *contributor, is the author of* The Myth of Heterosexual AIDS, *to be published by New Republic Books, an imprint of Basic Books.*

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THE THIRD EARL v. THE THIRTY MILLION

Kenneth Minogue

Bertrand Russell: A Political Life, by Alan Ryan (Farrar, Straus, 240 pp., $19.95)

ANYONE WHO doubts William Buckley's judgment that it would be better to be ruled by the first two hundred names in the Boston telephone directory than by the faculty of Harvard had better read Alan Ryan's *Bertrand Russell: A Political Life.* It shows what can happen when an analytical genius turns his hand to the human condition.

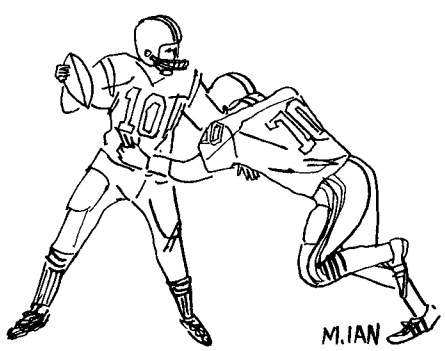
Russell's youthful energies were devoted to philosophical logic. The *Principia Mathematica* was written (in collaboration with A. N. Whitehead) in the first decade of the century. The remainder of a very long life —Russell died in 1970 at the age of 97—was taken up largely by moral, political, and social issues. His powerful intelligence penetrated the confusions of this foggy terrain to reveal the one right answer, and his jaw set firm. Like Don Quixote, he charged. His career is reminiscent of nothing so much as the *New Yorker* cartoon in which a pair of personified windmills discern in the distance a thin knight on horseback, and one says to the other: "En garde! A nut." The grandmother who brought him up drilled him in a precept that Professor Ryan appropriately uses as a leitmotif of this remarkable career: "Thou shalt not follow a multitude to do evil." Whenever he detected an established opinion, Russell would go haring off in the opposite direction.

He acquired in early life the full repertoire of free-thinking beliefs then current, though he often gave them an unusual turn. His pacifism in the First World War led to a restful six months in prison, where he was able to finish two books. In 1936 he was to be found arguing that Britain ought to capitulate to Hitler, because any attempt to resist would put Western civilization back several centuries. It was one of the few opinions he later repudiated, though it was based on a principle that seemed at the time virtually self-evident: "A government which began by fighting *for* democracy would have to take such a firm grip on its population to fight the war successfully that it would end up as a military dictatorship."

Russell's reputation as an all-purpose pundit was at its height in the years after the Second World War. The advanced opinions that had so often shocked the bourgeoisie were becoming the commonplaces of a more liberated age. He was awarded the Order of Merit in 1949, and won the Nobel Prize in Literature in 1950. He was gadfly by appointment to Britain and the world. It looked as if the multitude had finally come to him, and the thought plunged him into deep gloom: "I began to feel slightly uneasy, fearing that this might be the onset of blind orthodoxy. I have always held that one can be respectable without being wicked, but so blunted was my moral sense that I could not see in what way I had sinned."

He need not have worried. His genius for finding one-shot solutions to the problems of the world had not deserted him. Responding to the dangers of nuclear destruction, he argued that the American monopoly of the bomb should be used against the Russians to establish a world hegemony. When Russia acquired the bomb, he moved in the opposite direction. From 1954 onward, Russell's noble brow and silvery locks were the prow adorning the anti-nuclear movement. He became "ombudsman to the world"—though an ombudsman whose attention was largely focused upon the derelictions of the United States. Unlike most philosophers, he got angrier as he got older, and his last sad fate was to fall into the hands of an American radical called Ralph Schoenman, who began issuing, in the name of the nonagenarian Russell, strings of radical clichés sentimentalizing the Vietcong—a form of simplicity, as Ryan observes, entirely foreign to Russell, who, whatever his eccentricities, never lost a strain of realism.

Genius toppling into absurdity is a tragedy less uncommon than one might suppose. Part of the cause in this case was that the circumstances of



Brock Baker is a regular contributor to The New Criterion, The Economist, *and other publications.*

Frederick W. Marks III is the author of Wind over Sand: The Diplomacy of Franklin Roosevelt *(University of Georgia).*

Kenneth Minogue is a professor of political science at the London School of Economics.

William Murchison, who is an Episcopalian, is a columnist for the Dallas Morning News.

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Russell's later life led him to become an opinion machine. He worked the American lecture circuit, and his pen was never still. The articles were often trivial ("Who May Use Lipstick?" "On the Fierceness of Vegetarians," etc.), but like his many books, they were always lucid, witty, and provocative. No one makes a living in journalism merely by being sensible. But in Russell's case, deeper reasons may be discovered for this classic descent into political folly.

The secret of politics lies in the appropriate deployment of certain middle-level ideas such as tradition, prudence, authority, ritual, and so on. Such ideas mediate between the grand universals like rights and justice on the one hand, and brute facts on the other. The reductionist in Russell was not only largely blind to the place of this dimension of politics, but actually mistook his blindness for a special kind of insight. Once analysis had revealed the obvious truth about the current condition of the world, Russell was happy to share it with everyone. The dangerous point came when others failed to agree with him. Was it stupidity? Prejudice? The dead weight of uncritical orthodoxy? The temptation was to slide into melodrama: to find that a sinister interest lay behind such irrationality. This slide from abstraction to melodrama—the characteristic vice of the intellectual in politics—was especially tempting for Russell when he found himself at odds with one "multitude" or another. His democratic beliefs constantly collided with his elitist instincts.

The conflict is recurrent in his work. In education, the issue was simply between those who were guided by love and those who were guided by hate. The history of science was a struggle against the obscurantism of religion. Philosophy was a journey from mystification toward the light of modern empiricism. On the issue of peace with Nazi Germany, Russell displayed, as Ryan puts it, something of the "logic of the paranoiac." His intellectual fanaticism deepened with time. So did his anti-Americanism.

The United States appears to have represented for Russell all the anarchic irrationalism likely to bring down civilization. His basic idea about the problem of the modern world was how to reconcile (and we may quote the title of one of his books that Ryan most admires) *Freedom and Organization.* Freedom threatens irrationalism and war, while organization may lead to despotism. Yet both are necessary. Russell had already anticipated the dystopian nightmares of Huxley's *Brave New World.* America, from which he so often drew his sustenance, seems to have represented for him both these threats. In 1918 he had argued that one of the dangers of continuing the war would be the use of American troops to keep the British working class intimidated. The only beneficiaries of such a victory would be J. P. Morgan and Standard Oil. Nor did he find American mores more attractive than American power. His intolerance cannot have been mitigated by the New York court judgment invalidating his appointment in 1940 to a professorship in philosophy at the College of the City of New York. The judge agreed with "an anxious Catholic mother convinced that a course in formal logic from the notorious lecher would entirely subvert her daughter's morals." Here is his account of how Americans pass the time: "It is held that drink and petting are the gateways to happiness, so people get drunk quickly and try not to notice how much their partners disgust them. After a sufficient amount of drink, men begin to weep and to lament how unworthy they are, morally, of the devotion of their mothers."

Should one take such remarks as the snobbish response of the third Earl Russell to the anxieties of a middle-class civilization? They seem rather to be a recycling of familiar European clichés about American life. And the irony of his anti-Americanism is that Russell's political judgment exhibits just the kind of instability that is often taken to be typical of American foreign policy.

This instability is the oscillation between morality and a ruthless realism. Russell is reported by Ryan to have shocked Max Eastman by remarking that a Charles Darwin was worth thirty million ordinary men. Some of his solutions to the problems of the world would have cost the lives of millions. What mattered to Russell was civilization, understood as the concrete embodiment of reason; the happiness of ordinary mortals was of less concern. On the other hand, he was in his last years horrified by what he took to be the American policy of putting the world to rights by the use of napalm. Perhaps the real problem is that Russell was one of those people who are only capable of entertaining one idea at a time. Each idea was often brilliant, a vehicle of luminous prose resting upon an array of good abstract reasons. But no such idea ever collided with its like.

Ryan has written a judicious account of the public career of the philosopher as entertainer and crusader. He manfully discards some of the encrustation of legend, as when he writes that "There never was a visiting vicar who exclaimed, 'Good God!' on meeting a naked child on the doorstep, only to be told, 'There is no God,' though it seems a pity that it never happened." His remarks on the fact that most of the views that made the elderly Herbert Marcuse a famous figure with the young of the Sixties had been anticipated by Russell raise a wider issue about the place of the intellectual in Anglo-Saxon countries. The fame of Marcuse, Habermas, Lukacs, Althusser, and their like results in large part from the fact that their Germanic obscurities provide the opportunity for an army of academic expositors to explain the simple propositions underlying the metaphysical jargon. Poor Russell had lots of ideas, but, doomed to the lucidities of the English tongue and the empirical tradition in philosophy, he remained a fish out of water to the end of his life. What a guru this man would have been had his native tongue only been French or German! □

GRAND COLLUSION

Joseph Sobran

Liberty under Siege, by Walter Karp (Henry Holt, 255 pp., $19.95)

CONSPIRACY THEORIES have gotten a bad name lately. The very word "conspiracy" evokes skepticism, though it shouldn't, since there are plenty of sneaky people in this world and they manage to find each other fairly often. And we're well aware of the gap in politics between the way people talk in front of a camera and the way they talk *entre nous.*

But the conspiracy theorist is usually like the fabled blind man who grasps

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the elephant's trunk and concludes that the elephant is a rather serpentine character. He has hold of something big, and he knows it. But it's even bigger than he imagines.

Walter Karp, a contributing editor at *Harper's Magazine*, sees recent American history as the triumph of Oligarchy—moneyed interests especially—over a genuine republican renascence, symbolized by Jimmy Carter. Carter was the first modern President to be elected without the approval of his party; and was therefore destroyed by his party, in collusion with other oligarchic forces. When he proved incorrigibly independent, the Oligarchy and the Reaction (Karp capitalizes these terms and often lends them definite articles without really defining or satisfactorily locating them) decided he had to go, and anointed Ronald Reagan, "the tyrant," as his successor.

As Karp poses it, the question is whether we are to be ruled by "the sovereign many or the usurping few." In his account, Reaction is always mendacious, "fraudulent," without redeeming motives or any purpose beyond self-interest, and also without genuine popular support.

He writes a hurtling narrative in which large assertions flash by faster than reason can absorb them. His style is deliberately stilted, almost archaic. Backward run the sentences: "An ingenious and supple mind has New York's freshman senator." That's typical. I like this one best: "Rank and reckless is this rule of the Right, full of factional fury stored up in the wilderness years, requiring restraint and tempering, requiring, above all, the sharpest possible reminder that the interests of Oligarchy are paramount always." Garry Wills meets Beowulf.

But the story he tells is elevated, in its way, and at the core of *Liberty under Siege* you feel a real concern for the idea of citizenship. Like it or not, Karp's view of things isn't a petty one. It's melodramatic, apocalyptic, a mile off the mark; but not small-minded.

In a way it might be a better book if Karp had a little more gossipy interest in human nature. Nobody in his story has *small* faults. That's the trouble.

No doubt Tip O'Neill gave Jimmy Carter a hard time. This does not prove O'Neill is a tool of Oligarchy. He gave Reagan a hard time too. Personal spite forms a good deal of his makeup, and in its irrationality it can overrule any principle or party interest. Carter was the odd man out in Washington in many ways, and regional prejudice played a role too. The idea that Carter was a "tribune of the people" while Reagan is a "tyrant" requires one to skip lightly over some inconvenient facts; Karp barely mentions the 1984 election and doesn't plausibly explain the 1980 one.

Who, exactly, are these "usurping few"? Ultimately, they aren't identified, even generically, beyond "huge corporations." We do meet a number of villains: "In the innermost citadel of the White House, [Zbigniew] Brzezinski is the Reaction's secret agent, ready to betray the President to his enemies if it will help them overthrow détente." We're left to wonder why the huge corporations would oppose détente: they do a lot of profitable trading with the Soviet bloc, which offers them cheap labor at fixed wages such as you don't hardly find any more in this country.

Karp has a similar tic about the Committee on the Present Danger, but again, he doesn't pause to argue or even explain. He seems to take for granted that all the people he disapproves of must be in league with each other, and for the lowest of motives. The reader eventually comes to feel that a subscription to *The Nation* is a prerequisite for following this book. Karp's villains are always lying; his good guys never have reason to. Plausibility flags.

Worse, "the sovereign many" are never clearly defined either. The "Reaction" doesn't seem to be in any way an aspect of the populace that elected Reagan, a populace virtuous but massively duped.

The idea of a return to pristine republican government has a deep appeal, but Karp understands it eccentrically. He has no qualms about collectivism as a possible corruption of republicanism. He seems never to have heard of the Tenth Amendment. He doesn't understand that people he dismisses as "sour, single-issue sectarians" may be pursuing their own version of the same ideal, not subserving Oligarchy.

If it all boils down to a fight between two sides, why is Walter Karp about the only one willing to acknowledge it? Here I think he has a real elephant, but, like the blind man, a funny idea of what an elephant is.

You get a clue when Karp repeatedly identifies the views of the *New York Times* with those of the sovereign people, never mind the election returns. For Karp, "republican government" expresses itself exclusively in "progressive" forms.

In the real world, political alignments are complex. Not random, not at all, but more complex than Karp will admit. Politicians will cross party lines temporarily, or seek alliances outside their party during intramural fights, but this doesn't mean that parties are a mere front for a grand collusion. We find both ad-hoc collusion and abiding consensus.

The distinguishing feature of democratic politics is not only civic spirit but mass bribery too. Many politicians will accept bribes; that they accept them from business while denouncing business may prove that business is dealing from weakness, not strength. It doesn't mean that business

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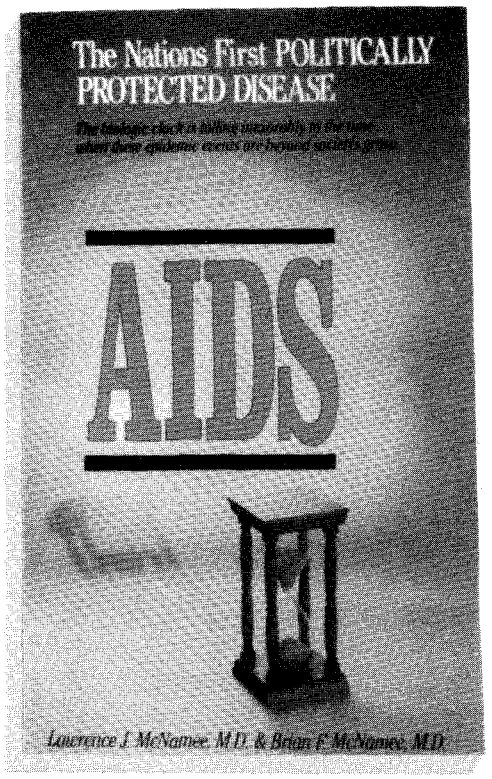

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controls Congress. Some Jewish refuseniks no doubt bribe their way out of the Soviet Union; only a fool would take this to mean that the Jews control the Soviet Union. But the outstanding fact of political life here and now is that the Democrats buy some people's votes with other people's money. Karp doesn't seem to notice; or he is so abstract that he subsumes this practice under the heading of republican virtue, since it occurs under the cover of progressive rhetoric.

Washington is full of scheming people, and it isn't always easy to mark off malign conspiracy from the normal prudence that keeps plans and tactics hidden from political opponents. But anyone who thinks he can explain what's wrong with the country in terms of a single conspiracy is living in a fool's paradise. □

AN AMERICAN IN BELGIUM

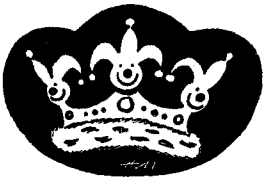
Frederick W. Marks III

The Life of Herbert Hoover: The Humanitarian, 1914-1917, by George H. Nash (Norton, 497 pp., $25)

GEORGE H. NASH, after producing a brilliant survey of conservative thought in America since 1945, began his comprehensive study of Herbert Hoover (a projected five or six volumes) with a chronicle of the first forty years of Herbert Hoover's life. He has now given us the second volume in the set, a sterling account of Hoover's work as wartime relief administrator, 1914-1917. Graceful enough as a stylist to carry a heavy burden of detail, Nash draws judiciously on a wide array of source material from Belgium, Britain, and the United States.

The author tells his story with obvious relish, and what a story it is. Hoover's task was often a thankless one, hence the term "Suffering Servant" as a chapter title. Nevertheless, without his behind-the-scenes prodding of generals and prime ministers, without his tireless maneuvering and skill at bureaucratic infighting, he would never have been able to raise such enormous sums of money (mainly from the Allied governments) and distribute over two million tons of food to war-torn sections of occupied France and Belgium. Britain's Royal Navy, in command of the sea, had to be convinced that Hoover's cargo would not fall into the hands of the Germans (as did tend to happen despite his best efforts), and that Berlin would not improve upon the occasion to confiscate Belgium's slender stock of home-grown produce (which also happened). German leaders, for their part, had to be persuaded that Hoover's Commission for Relief in Belgium (CRB) would not afford a constant cover for British spies and open the door to commercial piracy. As it was, the CRB enabled hundreds of thousands of Belgians to strike against the German occupation. Rails, factories, and mines slumped in idleness as an embattled populace redoubled its resistance.

Essentially, Hoover had to play both sides against the middle, and this was not easy. A faction led by Winston Churchill and representing the British admiralty argued that since the Kaiser had violated international law by invading a neutral country, he must either relieve the victims of said aggression or suffer the consequences. Thus, to Churchill, Hoover was a meddling "son of a bitch," and, despite an initial outpouring of gratitude, even Belgian leaders soon began to chafe under the yoke of what they dubbed the "American invasion." To add to Hoover's woes, fellow philanthropists such as Robert de Forest and John D. Rockefeller Jr. tried to establish rival organizations and, failing this, attempted to commandeer the existing machinery. Subordinates and old friends within the CRB shocked their chief by resorting to slander and calumny. At one point, a federal court in Baltimore was on the verge of indicting him, and he had to submit to investigation by Britain's Foreign Office. As Nash puts it, "the world of philanthropy was no place for the meek."



It is interesting that much of Hoover's success stemmed from his ability to monopolize control over a broad range of relief operations. As ruthless as any industrial robber baron in the cause of benevolence, he could see only one alternative: rising chaos, German aggrandizement, and, sooner or later, a British veto of his entire scheme. Of course, this was a side of the great engineer that the public never saw. Equally extraordinary is the way he managed to conceal his private ambition. In the classic act of flirtation required of all who would seek public office in America, he had to appear more pursued than pursuing; the strings that he pulled on his own behalf had to be well hidden. It is the irony of fate that he should win election to the highest office of the land only to be rejected as a false prophet and to fail at the very thing that had made him famous, relief of the destitute. Or so it seemed. He saved others, himself he could not save.

Hoover emerges from these pages as something of an enigma. On the one hand, he possessed the credentials of a true cosmopolite; on the other, he remained provincial. By 1914, he had served as director of mining for the Chinese government and lived abroad for 12 of the previous 13 years. Yet he could still be unkempt in appearance, blunt to the point of tactlessness, and downright parochial. Brand Whitlock, President Wilson's minister to Belgium, described his manner as one of "sullen boorishness"; in British social circles he was called "the rudest man in London." Naïvely confident of the redeeming power of youth and higher education, he conducted a dress rehearsal for Kennedy's Peace Corps when he hired forty Rhodes scholars to augment his staff in Belgium. Most of the "Yanks from Oxford" could not speak the local dialect; few offered much in the way of diplomatic finesse; and, in the end, many had to go. From Whitlock's standpoint they were nothing but "impulsive, ignorant young doctors of philosophy."

Known as "Hail Columbia" Hoover in Australia and "Star-Spangled" Hoover in parts of London, he carried on a senseless vendetta against the CRB's Spanish patron, the Marquis de Villalobar, a man widely respected on both sides of the conflict. Here, as elsewhere, Nash passes up the opportunity to let us see Hoover through Continental eyes. Thus General von Bissing, who was accustomed to appear with helmet and sword at formal interviews, comes across as "the only German general who could strut sitting down." To be sure, the author offers an occasional glimpse of foreign points of view, but his work might be more compelling if it dispensed with the usual American stereotypes. Invariably,

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RANDOM NOTES

☐ LAST OCTOBER TITLES: *Goldwater* (Doubleday, $21.95), by Barry M. Goldwater with Jack Casserly, is a feisty and highly readable autobiography by the man Richard Goodwin has shown to be the *non*-paranoid candidate in 1964. . . . Still another Custer book, Robert M. Utley's *Cavalier in Buckskin: George Armstrong Custer and the Western Military Frontier* (University of Oklahoma, $19.95), argues that at the Battle of the Little Bighorn the general was caught out by simple bad luck rather than by bravado.

In Pursuit of Happiness and Good Government (Simon and Schuster, $19.95), by Charles Murray, makes the case for applying the principles of Jeffersonian democracy to the modern-day United States, where, the author argues, felicity is most effectively enjoyed at the level of Edmund Burke's "little platoons."

Rough and Rowdy Ways: The Life and Hard Times of Edward Anderson (Texas A&M, $16.95), by Patrick Bennett, looks to be an interesting biography of the author of *Thieves like Us* and *Hungry Men*, a now mostly forgotten novelist and Hollywood writer whose books richly deserve to be discovered again.

Bernard Shaw: Volume I, 1856-1898: The Search for Love (Random House, $24.95), by Michael Holroyd, biographer also of Lytton Strachey and Augustus John, is the superb first volume in a planned three-volume life, covering Shaw's childhood spent in a highly unconventional family, the early plays, and the philandering of youth.

☐ COMING IN NOVEMBER: *Tomorrow's Catholics—Yesterday's Church* (Harper & Row, $17.95), by Eugene Kennedy, regards Catholicism as divided into two camps, "Culture One" (the ecclesiastical institution) and "Culture Two" (that community of believers which sees itself as "embodying the mystery of a church that is different from the structured organization that is popularly called *the* Church"). Guess which one is supposed to accommodate the other.

In *America Becomes Urban: The Development of U.S. Cities and Towns, 1780-1980* (University of California, $25), Eric H. Monkkonen argues that two centuries of urbanization have failed to make America urbane, owing in part to the rootlessness and lack of definition of American cities and city living. —CW

his vision seems to cloud over when he surveys the scene through a single set of lenses, those of his protagonist.

But given this caveat—and it is perhaps a small quibble—Nash's portrait is well balanced and certain to be required reading for all who are interested in Herbert Hoover or the history of international relief. ☐

THE AGE OF SPONG

William Murchison

Living in Sin: A Bishop Rethinks Human Sexuality, by John Shelby Spong (Harper & Row, 256 pp., $15.95)

ONLY A modern-day Episcopal bishop could write a book like this one—literate, articulate, heavy with sociological jargon, indifferent to the accumulated wisdom of the past—and hopelessly naïve.

John Shelby Spong, bishop of Newark, New Jersey, and talk-show celebrity *extraordinaire*, is the latest in a long line of right reverend goofballs, beginning with the late James Pike of San Francisco, continuing through Paul Moore of New York, and threatening to stretch far into the future. Prelates of this sort seem to think it their bounden duty to explode the "backward" beliefs of pious people. They fling wide their arms to embrace new "truths."

It is fair to say that Episcopalians have not cornered the market on theological nincompoopery. Methodists, Presbyterians, and Roman Catholics all have made their distinctive contributions to the unsettling of settled beliefs. But Spong has an unusual gift for the provocative position and the catchy phrase. If the church can bless foxhounds, he asked recently, why can't it bless committed homosexual unions? Fittingly, Phil Donahue recently put the bishop on his show with Dr. Ruth Westheimer, who several times commended him for the depth and humanity of his thought.

Spong is so unshackled, one wonders if he's fastened to anything. Certainly not the Bible, many of whose moral prescriptions offend modern sensibilities. Not the tradition of the church, which he sees as shaped by males seeking to enshrine patriarchy. Spong basically is off doing his own thing. He isn't just open, he's porous.

The burden of *Living in Sin* is that modernity is leaving the church behind. This is perhaps the most engaging part of Spong's thought—the idea that modern life need not measure up to the church's standards: it's the church that has to toe the line.

Spong declares that he's still against promiscuity and for commitment; he regards marriage as the norm. But he understands that there are different strokes for different folks. Puberty comes earlier and marriage later than in former times, so it's unfair to expect sexual impulses to be checked as successfully as in the past. Older couples, widowed or divorced, may also want to shack up.

Homosexuality, Spong declares, is, "in all probability, a matter of the pre-natal 'sexing of the brain' "; tampering with it is tampering with the order of creation. "All of us," Spong says in a typical passage, "should welcome the cry of 'gay pride.' It is the emotional equivalent of 'black is beautiful.' Self-acceptance, a defiance of the definition of the majority, is now a major force at work in the gay and lesbian world." Spong is not a theologian—he's a civil-rights lobbyist.

Spong proclaims his lifelong love of the Bible, then undertakes to show up the Bible as a patriarchalist document. He assigns to Scripture approximately the same authority as to the *New York Times* editorial page. Less authority, in certain cases: the *Times* at least is semi-tuned-in to what's happening. "I stand ready," says Spong, "to reject the Bible in favor of something that is more human, more humane, more life-giving, and, dare I say, more godlike."

The Apostle John predictably prefers Freud to St. Paul (who was full of "ill-informed, culturally biased prejudices"). Spong's bibliography teems with names like Alvin Toffler, Abraham Maslow, Jean Auel, Elaine Pagels—and John Spong. Few references predate 1960. When Spong quotes the Fathers of the Church, it is in snippets borrowed from a feminist history. The bishop seems not to have thought it worth his while to read the original texts in order to evaluate context and reasoning. The Fathers lived, after all, in an antique culture, and never even visited Newark, New Jersey.

Spong argues passionately that he is trying to save the church from itself. Alter its outdated teachings, and multitudes living "in sin" and apart from Christian places of worship will come

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surging to Sunday services. He offers not a scintilla of evidence for such a view—nor any thoughts on the unsettling effects of jettisoning two thousand years of belief and practice.

Living in Sin is moral and theological bilge. Why, then, recognize it at all? Because Spong, though far yet from converting his own church to his views, speaks for a powerful and committed body of Christian—actually post-Christian—clergymen who make a practice of belittling or challenging the faith they signed on to defend.

The problem is not John Shelby Spong. The problem is the failure of mainstream Christians to react with horror and dismay when Spong, and those like him, propound nonsense and call it gospel. The Christian community once had the happy faculty of calling a spade a spade, a heresy a heresy. They quit all that, of course; which tells us something about why an Episcopal bishop, with purple shirt and pectoral cross, now sits smiling on the Phil Donahue show, telling Christians what dumb ideas they had—up until the Age of Spong. □

ALL MUST HAVE PRIZES

Brock Baker

Prize Stories 1988, edited by William Abrahams (Doubleday, 312 pp., $17.95)

"THIS VOLUME is the 68th in the O. Henry Memorial Award series," the publisher tells us; as usual, William Abrahams, co- or sole editor for the past 24 years, has done a creditable job. The 158 magazines he consulted are listed in the back, and there are no glaring omissions. Mr. Abrahams has included selections from most of the writers of some reputation who regularly write stories, to wit: Raymond Carver, Alice Adams, Andre Dubus, Joyce Carol Oates, Joy Williams, Bobbie Ann Mason, Ann Beattie, John Sayles, and John Updike; there are also seven by less-well-known names, and four by writers previously unpublished. The magazines in which the stories first appeared include, among the old guard, *The New Yorker*, *The Atlantic*, *The Paris Review*, *The Kenyon Review*, and *The Southern Review*; among the newer, *Quarterly* and *Grand Street*. Taken together, therefore, the selections cover the range and type of stories considered at present by American editors and critics to have literary merit.

Unlike Mr. Abrahams, however, I do not find these selections (nor indeed, in my perusals of many of these same magazines, have I found their other fiction) to be exhilarating and confirmatory of the ongoing vitality, diversity, excellence, etc. of the American short story, nor do I perceive the enormous debt that genre supposedly owes (according to Mr. Abrahams's introduction) to Chekhov. Instead, I am struck by pages and pages of trickery, superficiality, and coldness.

Part of the problem seems to be that, more than ever, stories and their authors are being "sold" by the editors as part of their overall concept of their magazines—this is a *New Yorker* story, this an *Atlantic*, this a *Paris Review*, this a *Grand Street*—while contributors seem almost to write *for* a particular magazine, so perfectly do their stories match the overtly commissioned contributions. Of course, to a certain extent, this has always been so; in nineteenth-century France, England, and Russia, as well as during the Twenties in the United States, tailor-made stories constituted the majority even of those aspiring to be recognized as literature. Realistically, therefore, one does not expect from a book such as *Prize Stories* more than one or two exceptions to the iron rule of conformity. In this case, I found four.

Shirley Hazzard has written some very fine things—above all, *The Evening of the Holiday*, a short novel published in 1965, which captures a

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variety of romantic sexual passions with exquisite and excruciating exactitude. Miss Hazzard has not published much in the past few years, and to find her represented in the volume at hand was very welcome; unfortunately, her contribution, "The Place to Be," is a disappointment. It is an elaborate historical recreation of post-World War II Hong Kong, with the story revolving around an Australian officer's recovery of hope and self-respect after the ordeal of the war. Miss Hazzard's intelligence and sophistication are certainly displayed here, but the story nevertheless lacks an emotional center. The male protagonist remains out of focus, as does the setting, despite the dense accumulation of physical and social detail. Only once in this long story does Miss Hazzard demonstrate the passion without which literature is impossible.

John Updike's appearance, on the other hand, strikes one as inevitable. For over thirty years he has been steadily productive and esteemed, and shows no sign of slowing down. "Leaf Season" is entirely characteristic of his work, in its elegance of diction, narrative prowess, and motif of betrayal. The problem with the story, however, is also characteristic: Mr. Updike's conviction that adult life is a cheat. The result is that "Leaf Season," like so much of his work, appears both emotionally and aesthetically formulaic. In this story, amidst the seemingly healthy normality of a group of couples and their children meeting in a Vermont house for a fall weekend that has become an annual event, we quickly discover that almost every spouse has been unfaithful and will be again, a dark "truth" that is constantly breaking through the smiling, pretty surfaces Mr. Updike describes so well. Those few characters whose private thoughts the author opens up to us express an infantile longing—typical of Mr. Updike's characters—to be a kid again, to be nurtured without being conscious of obligation, to go back to a time when fecklessness was socially acceptable.

Elizabeth Spencer, a less-well-known writer, provides the most enjoyable story in the collection; its subject is the complex reaction of a group of Southerners to a dry-cleaning business undertaken by one of their number in partnership with a black Vietnam veteran. There are many deft sketches of distinctive characters such as the independent young woman, living with her widowed mother, who dares to test the professions of the modern, post-racist South, and the stubborn black man who conceives it his duty to stand by her as they are each put under pressure by their respective communities.

"Errand," by the late Raymond Carver, is billed by Mr. Abrahams as revealing a non-minimalist side to Mr. Carver's work in addition to being a notable achievement in its own right. "Errand" consists of some well-known facts, presented in anecdotal form, concerning the illness and death of Anton Chekhov. And the story does indeed bring Chekhov himself before the reader as a gallant, charming, and humorous figure, while reminding us that the details of Chekhov's death bear a striking resemblance to a Chekhov story—lacking only the faint note of self-mockery that is always lurking in the genuine article—as if Pushkin had done a little editing. The only strictly non-factual contribution Mr. Carver offers is a description of a young waiter who may or may not have a real-life original, and the commissioning of this man by Chekhov's wife to fetch an undertaker for her husband's corpse. And what does this invention add? Not much—just a little more time for the reader to contemplate the nature of the dead man and the quality of his work.

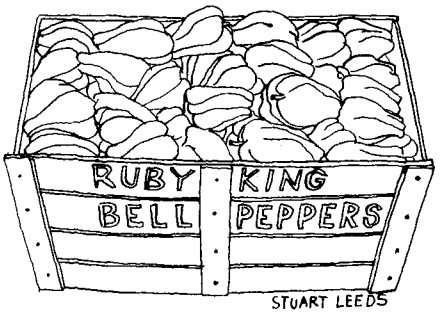
And, finally, what does "Errand" say about Mr. Carver? Only that he was capable of venerating a great man and of respecting a good story, and that perhaps (who can blame him?) he wished some of Chekhov's extraordinary character and artistry had rubbed off on him. □

WHENCE THIS?

John Simon

To Urania, by Joseph Brodsky (Farrar, Straus, 160 pp., $14.95)

WHAT HAS happened to Joseph Brodsky, last year's "winner of the Nobel Prize for literature," as the jacket of his new collection, *To Urania*, so proudly declares? *A Part of Speech*, his preceding volume of verse (in between, there appeared a fine



book of essays, *Less Than One*), was unmistakably poetry, whether or not one liked a particular poem or even the book as a whole. (I did.) *To Urania*, however, is—with the exception of a couple of short pieces at the beginning—all opaque maunderings in tormented English or, worse yet, doggerel. You can't even blame it on the Nobel Prize, which came later. If I believed in that prize (I don't), I would ask that Brodsky's laurels, or epaulets, be removed. The next collection could proclaim, "Winner of the Devil's Island Award for poetry."

It pains me to write this. Poets are born, the ancient saying goes; orators are made. But orators, at least, stay orators; poets, it seems, can also be unmade. Consider, for instance, two poems about Lithuania, both dedicated to Thomas Venclova, a Lithuanian littérateur. In the earlier volume, we got "Lithuanian Divertissement" (1971), which begins:

> *A modest little country by the sea.*
> *It has its snow, an airport, telephones,*
> *its Jews. A tyrant's brownstone villa.*
> *A statue of a bard is there as well,*
> *who once compared his country to his girlfriend.*

Not a great beginning, perhaps, but not a bad one, either. The second strophe contains a regrettable solecism, "from whence," but this could be blamed on the translator, Alan Myers. (Brodsky's poems, if not written in English, as some of them latterly are, are translated by various hands, sometimes in collaboration with the author, and sometimes by the author himself.) But the third strophe is true poetry:

> *Noonday in springtime. Puddles, banked-up clouds,*
> *stout, countless angels on the gables*
> *of countless churches. Here a man*
> *becomes a victim of the jostling crowd,*
> *or a detail of the homemade baroque.*

Is there a more direct, pregnant, and poetic way of saying that today's

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Lithuanian is condemned to choosing between Communism and living in the past? Here now is a typical passage from "Lithuanian Nocturne" (1974), in the present volume, as translated by the author:

. . . A lane gnashes, gumlike, its
porches agleam;
like a simpleton's cheese, alley's yellow
is eaten
by the fox of the dark
hours. Avenging its permanence, a
place stuffs time with a tenant, a
lodger—
with a life-form, and throws up the
latch.
And an epoch away
I still find you in this dog-eared
kingdom of cudgel
forests, plains, well-preserving one's
features, one's thinking and such,
but above all, the pose:
in her many-miled, damp
hemp nightgown, in her high-voltage
curlers,
dormant Mother Lithuania's taking her
rest
by the shore, as you're gluing your
plump
lips to her bare and colorless
glassy half-liter breast.

That the light of a lane should be the cheese of the fable, coaxed out of his victim's mouth by the fox of darkness, seems like a good image until you realize that Aesop's and La Fontaine's victim is a raven, much more identifiable with the dark than is a fox, and the image suffers. But how does a place "avenge its permanence" (and isn't it impermanence that needs avenging?) by stuffing time with a tenant? And why does this tenant become, contiguously and redundantly, a lodger? And what about that dreadful line break "permanence, a / place"?

Now take the "dog-eared kingdom of cudgel forests"; surely the mind expects congruence between the wound and the weapon. But cudgels do not dog-ear you; they do far worse. Or is the relationship different? What, then? "Well-preserving" is pleonastic and un-English; "one's thinking and such" is bathetic. Brodsky likes to inject the conversational into his poetry, but there's a limit. In any case, "such" seems to be here for the rhyme, or slant rhyme, with "latch," just as the tautological "lodger" was there partly for the sake of "cudgel." Rhyme, incidentally, is Brodsky's bane. I applaud

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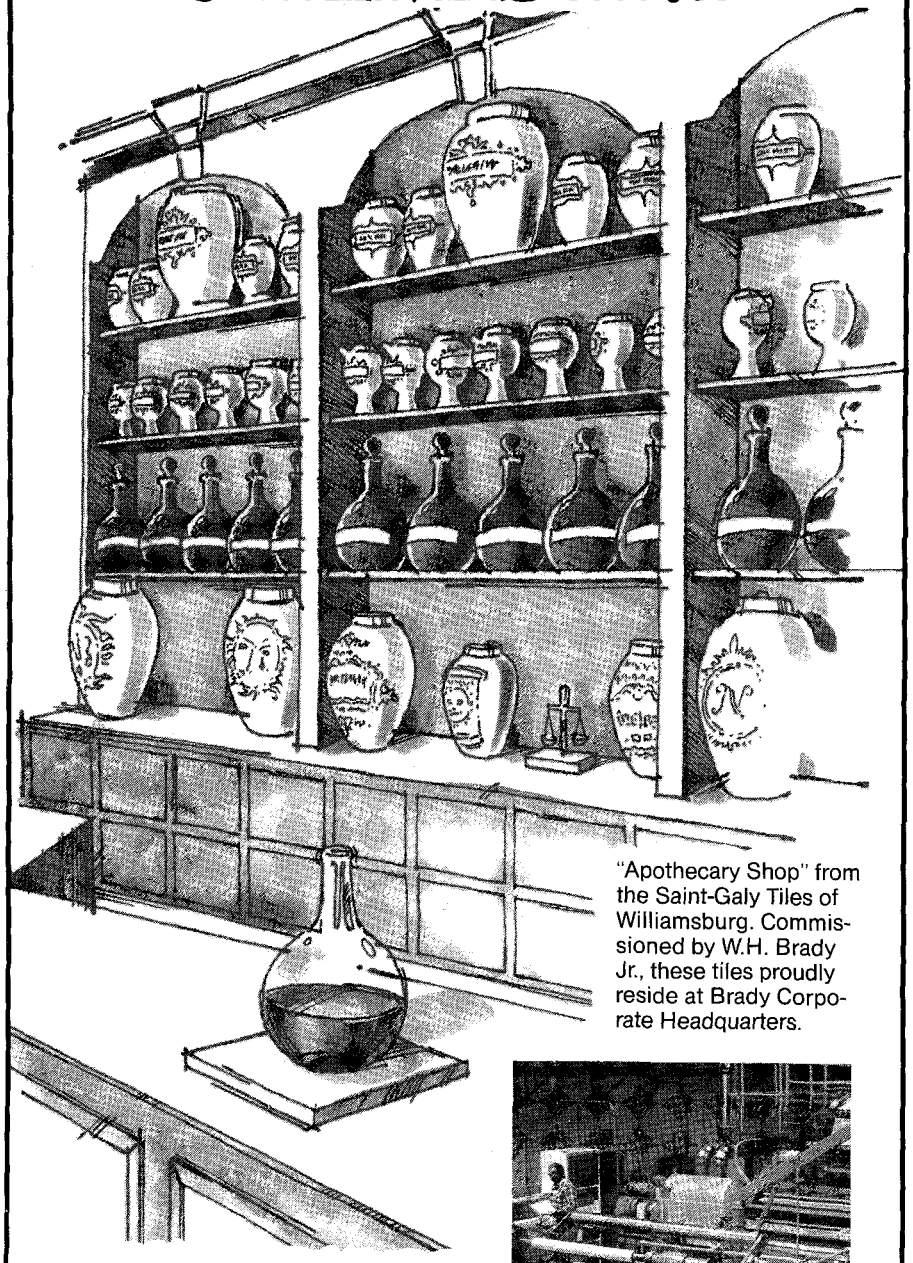

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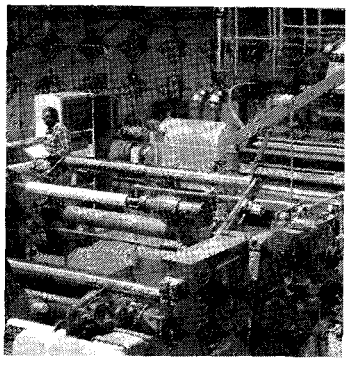

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his love of it and refusal to relinquish it for the sake of current fashions, but it must never displace, as he so often lets it, elegance, grammar, sense.

"Damp hemp nightgown" grates on the ear with its out-of-place near-rhyme. "High-voltage curlers" is an aborted image. I suppose it's a reference to high-voltage frontier fences, but it suggests cosmetic suicide, the State inducing its accidental demise for aesthetic reasons, which is absurd. Why should friend Venclova's lips be repellently "plump," except, again, for the rhyme? The "glassy half-liter breast" suggests, of course, a bottle and, probably, not mother's milk so much as escape into drunkenness. Either way, Mother Lithuania becomes synecdochically reified as a glass bottle, while earlier parts of the trope convey a living woman asleep in nightgown and curlers. It was Brodsky's mentor, protector, and idol, W. H. Auden, who once warned me about the need for consistency in imagery; here, too often, the image changes horses, or vehicles, in midstream.

I have not singled out the worst part of this longish poem (typically, "Nocturne" runs nine and a half pages, whereas "Divertissement" checked in at three: verbosity, turgidity, elephantiasis are progressively afflicting Brodsky's verse); elsewhere in it, we read of a threat to "what has been lived through with a raid, or perhaps vice versa." Vice versa? A threat to what has been raided with a life? Surely not. Or Mother Nature is being charged by a jay "with the crime of thermometers: with zerocide." Of course "zerocide" doesn't work linguistically: it is not the first half, the zero, that is being exterminated—as in genocide, fratricide, etc. And why should the merely recording thermometer be charged with the crime? That is a kind of hypallage, the transferred epithet. But the figure of speech works only when the transference is to something larger, as in "a sleepless night" or Eliot's "forgetful snow."

Take, if you will, another unfortunate "whence" in "That's whence, Thomas, the pen's / troth to letters," here, to be sure, without a "from," but still in an unidiomatic construction and saddled with an awful jingle. "Troth" is only obsolescent; elsewhere, Brodsky lapses into outright archaism. And there is much, much more that is deplorable throughout this poem.

But I haven't picked the worst piece in the collection, either; disaster runs riot in poem after poem, stanza after stanza, often line after line. My space being limited, you may want to check this out in a bookstore; but most of *To Urania*, including the title poem, is distressingly of a piece. In "Ex Voto," a 1983 poem written in English, we read: "An angel resembles in the clouds a blond / gone in an Auschwitz of sidewalk sales." This is particularly painful coming from a Jewish poet who was imprisoned and, later, expelled by the Russians.

Or what of this, from a 1987 poem about a fly, where the "buggie" (Brodsky's own, ghastly and ambiguous word) leaves the pages of an open book, "and—misprints abhorring— / fast you'd be soaring . . ." which is something out of a pop-song lyric. The next, enjambed stanza runs: "Now, though, since your eyesight lessens, / you spurn those black-on-white curls, tresses, / releasing them to real brunettes, their ruffles, / chignons, thick afros." All this just to convey lines of print, which is not what the poem is about. This is Gongorism or Marinism at its rankest. Well, second-rankest.

What, I repeat, has happened to Brodsky? First, he now indulges in what the English eighteenth century called "wit writing," i.e., writing with the wit (archaic for intellect) only, without true feeling or inspiration. Second, the desperate cleaving to rhyme has often yielded doggerel. Third, the hankering for "significant" long poems has produced ponderous longueurs. Fourth, a new love affair with obscurity erects unclimbable barriers. Fifth —and saddest, if true—the muses appear to be forsaking him. Never mind Urania; I'm thinking of the more relevant ones: Erato, Polyhymnia. □

DELECTATIONS

TROUBLE IN PARADISE

Nika Hazelton

NAPA VALLEY, about an hour and a half's drive from San Francisco, has become known throughout the United States as allegedly the nation's best wine-producing region. It has also become (has worked hard to become, I should say) the kind of place Americans seem to prefer for their holidays. In addition to its natural beauties, and the chance to eat and drink very well at high prices, Napa has started filling the summer with art exhibits, cooking schools, contests, auctions, and concerts, to show that culture is not forgotten.

And yet the hordes of tourists who come to Napa every summer are part of the tangle of problems that are tied up with the valley's attractions, as tourist facilities gobble up scarce land that is, after all, necessary to make the wines that made the valley famous in the first place.

When I first visited Napa some 25 years ago, these problems, if they existed at all, were of little consequence. Napa (the word means "plenty" in the local Indian dialect) was slumbering peacefully. I first stopped at Yountville, largely to have my hair done in the major local beauty parlor. Dutifully, I admired a little six-room hotel furnished with antiques. I thought nothing of the tiny farm town, where Napa's first grape vines had been planted and the first wines had been produced in the early 1800s; I was glad I did not have to drink them.

Today, "progress" has reached Yountville, for better or for worse. American and, especially, Napa wines are fashionable, bringing a whole new set of opportunities and problems, very different from the days when America's idea of a bottle of wine was a half-gallon jug of Hearty Burgundy.

The man who brought Napa to America's attention was Robert Mondavi. I first met him not long after he had broken away from his family's wine-making business. An energetic and enthusiastic man, Mondavi was determined from the start to make better wines than anybody else. Constantly

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comparing his wines to the great Bordeaux (how well I remember him asking for a Lafite to compare his Cabernet with), he also constantly invested in the newest techniques and machines to improve his wines. Unquestionably, Mondavi was Napa's most progressive wine-maker in those early days. He also never stopped talking about wines, his own and Napa's. My, how he could talk—and still can.

As Napa's wines became known, so did their place of origin, a beautiful mountainous spot said to resemble certain parts of Tuscany. No wonder Napa attracted many Italians in its early days of wine-making. It was the traditional hospitableness of these wine-makers that in turn attracted the tourists, who wanted to see a winery in action and afterward quaff a few free sips of the winery's lesser brews. Nowadays, as I discovered last year to my surprise, a number of the old, established wineries have found it necessary to regulate their flow of visitors by handing out admission tickets, as for any mass event that is free.

But Napa's growing popularity, as with so many things in this life, has proved to be something of a mixed blessing. In the first place, as I mentioned, there is the problem of the tourist facilities: not only do they bid up the price of land, but they force the wine people to divert some of their attention from making wine to preserving the valley's agricultural status for tax purposes.

Secondly, there is the popularity of the wine itself, and of wine-making. Since owning a winery and perhaps enough land to grow your own grapes has become an "in" thing to do, a lot of rich people have been moving in. New wineries are established every year (about a dozen in 1979, with the total now more than seven hundred), and many of the new owners are simply amateurs who want to live the Napa *dolce vita*: they put up the money but don't really interest themselves in the craft of wine-making.

Like the tourist facilities, all these new wineries bid up the price of good grape land. And, since the American public is so fickle in its wine-drinking habits, some wineries that don't have a lot of money have trouble riding out the rough spots. At the same time, the newcomers, wanting to recoup the money they spent on their establishments, raise the price of their wines, making it hard for the consumer to find anything good at a reasonable price.

Finally, as if all the local problems were not enough, the wine-makers are now struggling with the new Prohibitionists in Washington who wish to change wine labels to make them more "informative," or so they say. Napa dwellers less ebullient than Robert Mondavi must be wondering whether fame and fortune were worth the price. □

THE GIMLET EYE

UGLY GEORGE TALKS ABOUT TV

D. Keith Mano

I met Ugly George in 1982, when Playboy *asked me to do a feature piece about him. At that time His Ugliness, if you remember, was cruising New York, portable video camera on one shoulder. With just this low-budget inducement he would persuade women to strip naked—in alleys and "dimly lit" hallways, no less. For some reason, four hundred women went along with it. George then replayed both pickups and misses on his public-access cable TV show, which had a viewership of 300,000 in Manhattan (about what Johnny Carson had). After several vicious legal battles, Manhattan Cable kicked him off.*

Since 1982, George has had a brutal time of it. Scorned and ignored by the entertainment establishment (and by anyone who had even nominal couth), he slept on subways and, for some while, went into severe depression. Yet, with a hard-headedness that was, one might say, courageous, George (who is politically conservative) never quit on his peculiar vision. And, indeed, he would remain—here and abroad—something of a folk anti-hero. I daresay no other homeless man has appeared with Phil Donahue and Morton Downey in the same week.

But TV is different now. The networks—George predicted this—are in great pain. And George, as I write, claims to have gotten financial backing for a new independent broadcast TV show. His resurrection, if distressing, is emblematic. No matter how you may feel about soft-core flesh as entertain-

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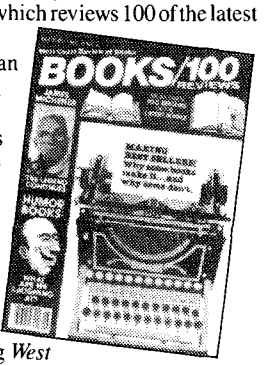

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ment ("infantile" comes to my mind), there is no more astute analyst of socio-historical trends in TV.

NR: Give us a little history.

GEORGE: Starting in the 1950s, broadcast television was hugely successful in selling products. Advertisers considered that when you were on network TV you were speaking to America and therefore you should pay anything that was asked. All this advertising money flowed into the networks automatically. It was decided very early that the successful formula was this: least-objectionable programming, sometimes called LOP. In the 1950s you couldn't even say "pregnant" on TV. The networks figured there were only three ballgames in town. And not only that, they controlled the mint—it's called the FCC.

NR: They didn't see any warning signs?

GEORGE: Sure, they heard rumblings in the distance about cable TV and videodiscs and satellite TV. So, to

THE RIGHT BOOKS / CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

NOW, IN THE final quarter of the year 1988, we begin to be able to discern the military and political impact of the Intermediate-Range Nuclear Forces Treaty of 1987. In *The Cure That May Kill: Unintended Consequences of the INF Treaty* (The Institute for European Defense & Strategic Studies, 13/14 Golden Square, London, England, W1R 3AG; $8), Angelo Codevilla, a senior research fellow at the Hoover Institution, argues that it is shaping up pretty much as many of its opponents warned it would.

In *The Arms-Control Delusion*, published last year and reviewed in this space (December 18, 1987), Mr. Codevilla (writing with Senator Malcolm Wallop) described the arms-control process as following inexorably from a fixed and faulty logic; now, in the treaty's aftermath, he finds no reason to moderate his earlier judgment. Codevilla, who is also the author of the recently published *While Others Build: The Commonsense Approach to the Strategic Defense Initiative* (Free Press), and the forthcoming *War* (written with Paul Seabury, to be published by Basic Books in 1989), argues in the present instance that, contrary to claims made by advocates of the treaty that it would increase stability and allay fears within the NATO Alliance, the effect has been quite the opposite. INF, he believes, has been yet another unnecessary measure weakening NATO militarily, as well as an added blow to its morale—especially in West Germany, where an increasing number of people apparently have concluded that, absent land-based NATO systems capable of striking within territory defended by the Warsaw Pact, battlefield weapons ought to be negotiated away as a source of vulnerability rather than of strength. "The decision to withdraw the U.S. missiles," Codevilla writes, "is part of a chain of military and political events which logically leads nowhere else. Unfortunately . . . the INF Treaty is not the beginning of that chain—a 'dangerous precedent' which could lead to unwanted things in the far-off future if it became established. Rather, it is nearer to the end; and it may well prove to be the point at which the flow of events has become irreversible."

Although the American arms-control establishment has for years insisted that arms-control negotiations are what our Allies want, Codevilla reminds us that, in context, "Europeans" means a narrowly particularized segment of opinion that just happens to be identical with the European Far Left. Until the events of 1956 in Hungary and Suez, NATO was clearly committed to a defense of Western values and territories that included (theoretically, at least) the eventuality of "rollback." In that year the United States, by refusing to support the Hungarians and by interfering directly against the Western colonial powers, effectively switched sides in the war between East and West, with the result that many Europeans who had, in Codevilla's words, "placed their life bets on the United States took the first small steps toward hedging them again." Five years later the inaction of the U.S. during the building of the Berlin Wall forced the realization that the United States could not be relied upon, in the event, to protect European interests. As the Allies read the situation, the choice was between the hard-line stance against the Warsaw Pact nations urged by de Gaulle and Adenauer, and an Ostpolitik as it was eventually formulated by Egon Bahr and Willy Brandt. Codevilla wryly observes: "It is important to remember just how hard the United States fought to dissuade the Europeans from supporting the de Gaulle-Adenauer conception, and how much it did to foster that of . . . Bahr and . . . Brandt." Under Kennedy and Johnson, there was "bridge-building"; under Nixon, "détente." The result was that Western politicians were no longer certain if their enemies were really enemies any more, or merely potential partners in a peace into which they could be bribed. It was in this climate that the passion for "arms control" arose. The further result of all this is now obvious: militarily and diplomatically, NATO is in the most utter disarray, scarcely more than the proverbial paper tiger; while the specter of a *pax Sovietica* in Western Europe takes on increasingly the lineaments of a future reality.

While Codevilla agrees that the reversal of these possibly calamitous policies would require, for starters, admitting that the West's most respected leaders have for thirty years served their countries badly, he urges that the Alliance strive for such a reversal anyway. "The development of effective ground-based anti-missile defenses in Europe would accomplish what the INF Treaty purports to have accomplished but does not—namely, the removal, in large part, of the Damocles' Sword of Soviet ballistic missiles, which hangs over Europe's already outmatched ground forces." The Pershing II should be redeployed—this time by the Europeans themselves, and in numbers "at least equal" to those thousands of Soviet missiles capable of striking Europe. And, last but not least: "Europe needs a strong United States . . . possess[ing] a good anti-missile defense which would have both the incentive and the credibility which it needs to play an effective deterrent role in safeguarding the peace of Europe." Reagan's shortsightedness in 1987 has made his farsightedness in respect of SDI invaluable. □

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ensure their success, they went to the FCC and said, "Lift some of the outside-ownership rules. We'll buy into cable TV, so we'll have both sides." But there were several very important chinks in their armor. American trade laws allowed the Japanese and others to import electronics into America with no duty whatsoever. These electronic devices began to be used to play and record things that were not under network control.

NR: In 1988, cable TV has 50.8 per cent of American viewership. Up from maybe 20 per cent eight years ago. What has that meant?

GEORGE: The ad agencies—who wanted to keep the three ballgames in town because of the rich commissions they got—began to be curtly informed by their clients, "Tone it down, no more." Less money to the networks, more on cable, more on alternative programming.

NR: Will cable finally overrun Dan Rather?

GEORGE: Cable isn't going to grow all that much more because most of the areas which can be economically wired up are already wired. But satellite dishes and VCRs have dropped tremendously in price. There are too many alternatives to both network TV and cable TV.

NR: How did the networks respond to cable?

GEORGE: They opened their own entertainment channels. And they tried to apply the same rules to cable—LOP—that they had used so successfully in broadcast TV. I'll give you one example: the Entertainment Channel. They spent $50 million for cultural programming, gays in tights on stage at Lincoln Center. I don't think it lasted a year. So what do the networks do? In 1988, when they need viewers, when there are alternatives, they go to the FCC and say, "You must untie our hands, you must allow us to do nudity and sex and let's adopt a Canadian rule and be allowed to do it from 12 midnight to 6 A.M." And the FCC has duly complied. The FCC is made up of past or future employees of the networks.

NR: I suppose they'll justify this in terms of free expression.

GEORGE: You guessed it. In 1976 they said we have a sacred duty to uphold the cleanliness of the American airwaves. Now they're saying the opposite—we must be allowed to put on what the American public so obviously wants.

NR: Will it save the networks?

GEORGE: It will slow their decline. Their control over our thoughts won't work as thoroughly as it did before, but it will still work to a large extent—if they can keep competitors out of the ballpark. But Sony has bought CBS Records. Sony is now distributing movies. The Japanese are the major players but not the only ones. They'll eventually either buy *x* number of cable systems or book time on a satellite.

NR: What will your new show be like?

GEORGE: Mostly it will be me picking up girls in front of a live audience and rapping to them and stripping them to the reaction of the audience. Taped at many locations.

NR: Is Middle America ready for this?

GEORGE: Most of Middle America, probably a good 40 per cent, is, in its own way, just as sophisticated as New York. Not opera—but they have a forward-looking, modern attitude. In 1982 no multi-millionaires would talk to me, no restaurateurs, no one in the entertainment establishment. Now they're all talking to me.

NR: What have you learned from all this?

GEORGE: For sleeping, seats on the E train are better than the D train. Revenge and vindication at a late age aren't worth very much. It's better to be eating at a young age. □

McLAUGHLIN

(Continued from page 20)

that he sees Jackson as being in a no-win situation: If Dukakis loses, then the Jackson-Dukakis rift is likely to take much of the blame, and Jackson's slim chance for a 1992 nod will become non-existent. But if Dukakis wins, little of the credit is likely to go to Jackson, and Dukakis will have no further need for him.

Yet Jackson can cite the contrary experience of the 1976 race, when the Ford-Reagan rift left many Ford supporters bitter and blaming Reagan for the election of Jimmy Carter. Reagan, of course, went on to become President for two terms despite the split in the party.

Jesse Jackson is a two-edged blade for Dukakis, whose hands are now

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grasping both sides of the instrument. He has to determine quickly where to take the pain, and then move on with his campaign. The best Dukakis game plan would seem to be to take a leaf from Jesse's book: make no final deals, temporize, and talk it to death. Above all, conceal the rejection. □

BAILEY

(Continued from page 29)

klatura is undermining and side-tracking the reforms of *perestroika* on the ground? Some indication of a discrepancy between promise and performance, *glasnost* and *perestroika*, can be found in another cynical Moscow joke about the patient who demands to see both an eye specialist and an ear specialist. His complaint? "I can't see what I hear."

With the Soviet Union in this state of flux, the underlying problems of Eastern Europe are again emerging, fifty years after Munich, forty years after the Czechoslovak coup, twenty years after the Prague Spring. Vague Soviet talk of troop reductions threatens to weaken the only real source of legitimacy for the Eastern European Communist regimes: the Red Army. And as the Soviet Union jettisons or redefines its own ideological justification, so the internal self-confidence of the satellite regimes is undermined further. This weakening of Moscow's control of its satellites, militarily and ideologically, allows the old national disputes, supposedly solved by socialism, to re-emerge. Indeed, the debacle-in-progress of Communism in Eastern Europe has enhanced the attraction of raw nationalism as the one remaining option open to local Communist parties to maintain themselves in power without the help of Big Brother. Thus, the minority problems of Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Rumania, Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, and Poland (where many are in search of a German grandmother so as to qualify for immigration to the Federal Republic of Germany) are again on the international agenda. With the exception of the South Tyrol, the combustibles are all in the socialist camp. Some disputes—like that over the Hungarian minority that suffers under Ceausescu's persecution in Rumania—are already close to conflagration.

Communism has failed to solve the problems of legitimacy and national minorities in Eastern Europe. It has repressed them for long periods; it has exploited them to buttress its waning legitimacy; it has not settled them. Instead, it has added the further problems of economic failure and decline. This in turn has provoked a worker revolt, a proletarian revolution against the Revolution, which has now reached the gates of Moscow itself. Inevitably, all Eastern Europeans have a burning interest, as it were, in the success of *glasnost* and *perestroika*. For only in an atmosphere of greater freedom and prosperity will they ever be able to settle their ancient disputes. It is the choice between liberty and the Red Army. Nothing in between will quiet Eastern Europe. □

FUMENTO

(Continued from page 45)

two million. Yet we are given absolutely no information about what those scenarios consist of. For all we know, they are sheer guesswork.

One cannot directly attack such ghostly assertions, yet it can be stated that all three, including the alleged "best case" for which the other two cases serve as foils, may be based on a fallacious assumption—that the epidemic is necessarily spreading at all. Continual sample blood testing among high-risk groups suggests that rates of new infections are extremely low; studies in San Francisco show less than 1 per cent yearly among homosexuals and 2 to 3 per cent among IVDAs. This, combined with attrition caused by AIDS deaths as well as non-AIDS-related deaths among infected persons, means the overall percentage of the population that is infected may be holding still or even dropping. In fact, testing of military recruits and first-time blood donors has shown no increase in infections over the last two years. While it's true that these groups are not fully representative of the general population, the self-selection factors that make them different can be assumed to be constant, and therefore there's no reason to think that a significant overall increase in seropositivity would not also show up in their ranks.

Support for the estimated 200,000 to 500,000 non-IVDA infected heterosexuals is no less sketchy. Cited approvingly are such sources as Masters and Johnson, whose survey sample we are told "was carefully selected," notwithstanding that their sample methodology was so haphazard as to draw comparison to Shere Hite's. Cited also is a study conducted by a sexually transmitted disease (STD) clinic in Baltimore showing high seropositivity among non-IVDA heterosexuals. We are not told that this study gave the highest rate of any such study in the nation (which is why it is the only one the Hudson report bothered to cite) or that it is the only such study where tested individuals were not re-interviewed upon being shown to be infected. (The importance of re-interviewing is that people will initially deny taboo practices such as homosexual acts and drug abuse until they are informed that they are infected, and are thereupon questioned by a well-trained, sympathetic interviewer. New York City officials have found that two-thirds of seropositive men initially claiming that their only high-risk activity is patronizing prostitutes will, upon re-interview, confess to either homosexual acts or drug abuse.)

Even with these false authorities there is no attempt to apply any of the data directly. They are simply listed in the body of the report as a select hodgepodge of studies. Ignored are such authoritative studies as that of the New York City Department of Health which concluded, "In the city with the world's highest reported incidence of AIDS, these results suggest that HIV infection was primarily limited to known AIDS-risk-group members and their sexual partners."

The tiny percentage of non-IVDA heterosexuals being detected in military and blood-bank testing—an estimated two per ten thousand and six per hundred thousand respectively—also directly contradicts the Hudson estimate that as many as one in three hundred non-IVDA heterosexuals is infected. Such massive numbers of heterosexuals walking around unknowingly infected would surely be showing up in blood sampling; they are not.

The Hudson Institute report is nothing more than pre-determined conclusions and free-floating speculations presented as science. Alas, to those who have neither the time nor the expertise to pore over the Hudson material and discover this for themselves, it is cause for neither derision nor humor but for fear. The plague of hysteria continues to spread. □

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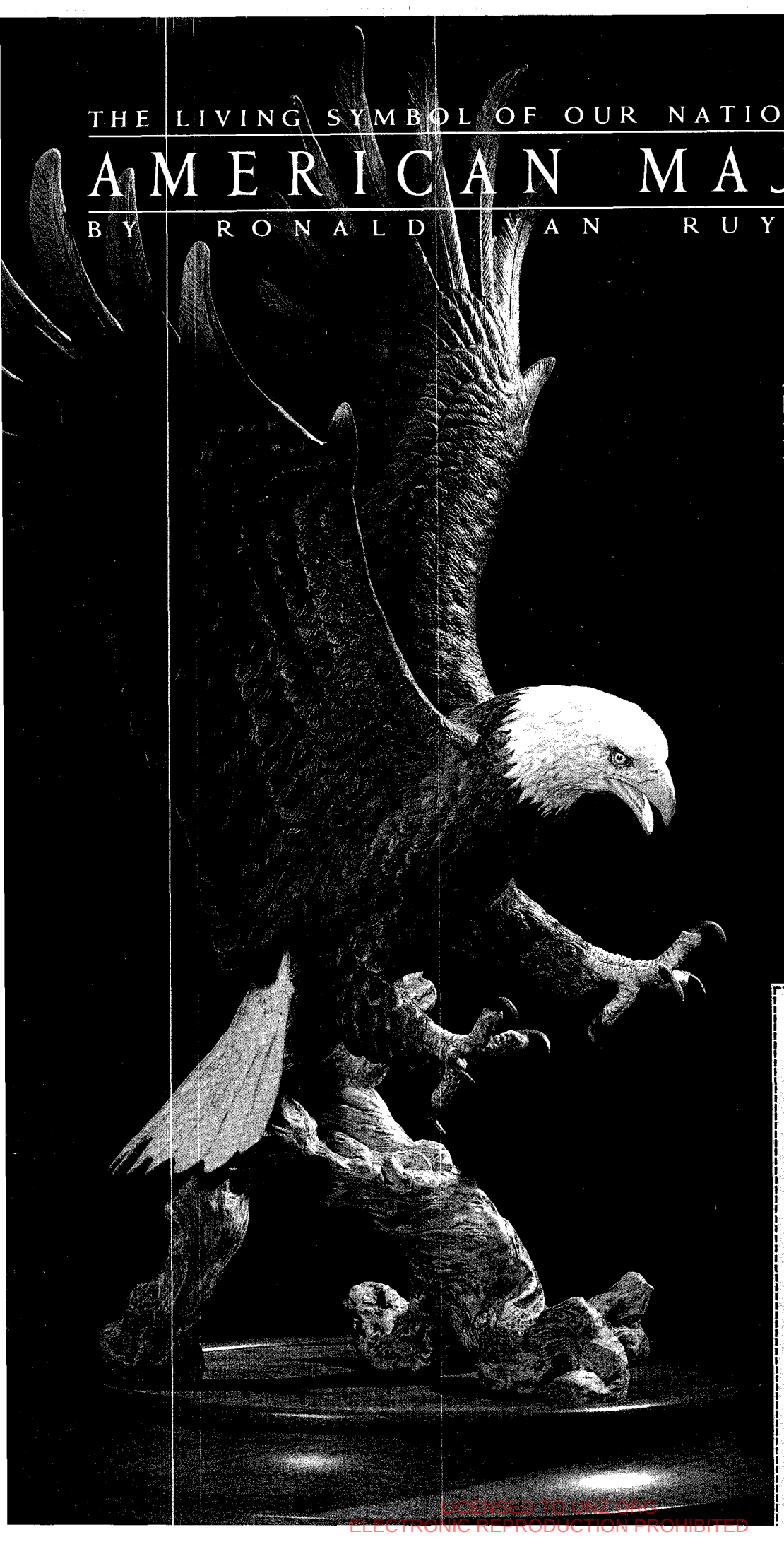

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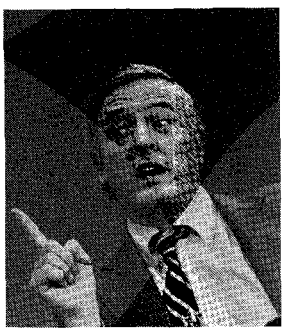

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ON GIVING THE SOVIETS AN INCH

NEW YORK, SEPT. 2

THE U.S. negotiating team has said to the Soviet negotiating team: Unless you get rid of Krasnoyarsk, we won't play START with you. Krasnoyarsk is the huge radar station in Siberia whose existence at that location violates the ABM Treaty. The ABM Treaty is that misbegotten satellite of SALT I, signed back in 1972. SALT I was the first of the treaties designed to reduce the deadliness of our joint inventory of nuclear weapons. A measure of how successful SALT I turned out to be in limiting strategic nuclear arms is this figure: 80 per cent of existing Soviet nuclear missiles were developed and constructed since SALT I. It might as well have been designated not as a treaty to "limit" strategic arms, but as a treaty to "increase" strategic arms.

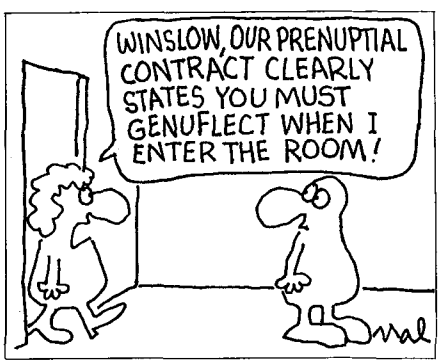
But now watch what is likely to happen. The Krasnoyarsk station is forbidden because its function is to manage a defense against nuclear missiles, which, with one or two exceptions, is not permitted by the ABM Treaty. You are allowed, under ABM, all the radar outposts you want to alert you to a surprise strike, but these must be within a specified number of miles of your coastline. If we wished to alert ourselves to a surprise Soviet nuclear attack by posting radar stations in Alaska, their function there would be very different from posting radar stations—of the kind called "phased array"—in the Midwest. Those stationed in the Midwest would have a clear function of relaying defensive, battle-management instructions to batteries of protective missiles around American cities, flashing instructions to ground-based and, in due course, to space-based missiles.

Now we have known about Krasnoyarsk for about three or four years. Senior diplomats and military men publicly inveigh against it. The Soviet Union has been able to count on only one thing, namely that the forward momentum of the arms-control movement was not going to be deterred by Krasnoyarsk, any more than it was going to suffer from violations of the Helsinki Accords, any more than it would suffer from violations of SALT I and ABM and the anti-chemical- and anti-bacteriological-warfare accords. So . . . in due course, while still protesting their violation of antecedent treaties, we made another treaty, the INF Treaty, which everyone is supposed to applaud, and most politicians feel they need to applaud.

But now that we are sounding serious about Krasnoyarsk, what if the Soviet Union agrees to dismantle it (if not actually destroy it)? Here is the analysis as given recently by Mr. Frank Gaffney, former assistant secretary of defense for international security policy. "The dismantling of the Krasnoyarsk radar alone would hardly eliminate the strategic significance of accumulated Soviet investments in defenses. Still in place will be numerous deeply buried facilities for the protection of the leadership, tens of thousands of air defense radars and missiles, extensive civil and passive defense measures, to say nothing of the entirety of the residual Soviet ABM program. In short, the Krasnoyarsk radar's destruction would no more restore the integrity of the ABM Treaty than a rapist's castration would restore the virginity of his victim."

The stark facts of the astonishing disintegration of our space program under the Reagan Administration are suggested by another simple figure. The Soviets have developed a launch capability ten times larger than the West's for placing satellites in space. We are entitled to wonder how they can be this far ahead of the country that landed a man on the moon only twenty years ago.

It is easiest to blame the politicians, and correct to do so inasmuch as they have been tightfisted and cranky about the space program, coming close to immobilizing it after the Challenger tragedy of 1986. But we have also to blame—and to say this makes one feel like a soldier shooting his lieutenant in the back during combat—the Joint Chiefs of Staff. There is an increasing consensus among experts in aerospace that we are in the coils of the same kind of asphyxiation we have seen over and over again, generation after generation, when one service resents the passage of money to another service but especially to an innovative branch. General Billy Mitchell is this century's most conspicuous martyr to that kind of military atavism. Nobody is better qualified to tell us than the Joint Chiefs of Staff how deteriorated our strategic position is. And yet they might as well be the three blind mice in respect of the utter, suicidal folly of the ABM Treaty being kept alive in 1988. □



SEE KARPOV! HEAR KARPOV! ADMISSION: STAR WARS

NEW YORK, SEPT. 5

SDI-WATCHERS occasionally spot a prothonotary warbler if they get up early in the morning and focus their binoculars on the recondite sections of the paper. This morning, a little warning from Mr. Viktor Karpov. He is head of the disarmament department of the Soviet Foreign Ministry, and his job is to cultivate the impression throughout the world that the United States has always been working hard to effect first-strike capability, perpetually frustrating the peace of the world, which is his, and the Kremlin's, first concern.

Mr. Karpov appeared at a press conference, and he might just as well have been speaking to the Democratic National Convention, because his words were directed to American public opinion. What Karpov did was to answer (though that is not quite the word for it) the statement made by the U.S. representative at the conference, held every five years, to review the Anti-Ballistic Missile Treaty of 1972. On Wednesday, the United States demanded the dismantlement of the Krasnoyarsk radar facility in Siberia, saying that unless the Soviet Union agreed, we might hold that that facility was in "material breach" of the ABM Treaty.

Sensing danger, Karpov fires back and

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says: If the Americans are ready to pull out of the ABM Treaty, then we Soviets will retaliate by pulling out of the START talks and building up our nuclear inventory. Karpov told the press (read: the Democratic delegates) that the Soviet Union would have no alternative but to suppose that we were embarked on a program, in the paraphrase of Paul Lewis of the *New York Times*, to "tip the nuclear balance" in our favor.

The consolidated position of the Soviets on the general question therefore becomes:

1. A space shield is Star Wars romanticizing and simply isn't worth a mature nation's trouble.

2. A space shield threatens disproportionality of advantage in the nuclear world.

3. The Krasnoyarsk radar station in Siberia is not in fact in violation of the ABM Treaty.

4. We will, however, dismantle the Krasnoyarsk station in return for your promise to adhere to the ABM Treaty for nine or ten years.

5. With reference to General Secretary Gorbachev's statement last November that, yes, in fact the Soviet Union is itself engaged in a space-shield program, that has nothing to do with what we are talking about.

6. With reference to published estimates that we are spending $25 billion per year on our Star Wars program, and employing ten thousand Soviet scientists to work on it, our comment is: The defense of the Soviet people is the sovereign responsibility of the state and how we achieve this is exclusively our business.

7. We are extremely anxious to effect a 50 per cent reduction in our intercontinental ballistic missiles, but that anxiety would instantly dissipate if you walked away from the ABM Treaty. Moreover, we require that you interpret the ABM Treaty as denying you any right to experiment with space-based weapons using fresh scientific technology irrespective of the position we took in 1972 that the terms of the treaty did not impose that limitation.

To which broadside, the President should say:

1. If you are so skeptical about SDI, then why do you worry about it?

2. If you wish to assure a continuation of nuclear parity, then invite us to your laboratories and testing fields to view what progress you are making with Star Wars.

3. Your threat to scuttle START if we proceed with SDI reminds me of your threat to scuttle disarmament talks if we deployed Pershing and cruise missiles in Europe. We did deploy, and then you came back to the bargaining table and accepted the Zero Option you had scorned a couple of years before.

4. We are going to pursue our search for means of protecting the United States and its citizens from a first strike. If we can do this under a fair reading of the provisions of ABM, fine. If ABM doesn't give us that freedom, then we will need to do without ABM. Under the carefully negotiated terms of the treaty, either party can pull out by serving six months' notice. If we desired to pull out now, regardless of SDI, we could do so by citing the material breach the Krasnoyarsk facility represents.

5. If what you wish is peaceful coexistence, why are you continuing to build weapons of aggressive reach? Already your weapons outnumber ours by 3 to 1, and you intend that ratio to become 10 to 1 by the early Nineties.

6. Karpov, you are a con artist. Are you paying your union dues? □

POLITICS: THE CHALLENGER'S PLIGHT

NEW YORK, SEPT. 12

IT IS WIDELY OBSERVED that if you are a Representative running for re-election to Congress the chances of your being defeated are remote. It is less widely known that increasingly the odds also favor the senatorial incumbent, for all the obvious reasons and for some not so obvious. In New York, for instance, it is unlikely that political quizmasters could give you the name of the person who is running against Daniel Patrick Moynihan. It is not quite that bad in the state of Connecticut, though very nearly so. And for the paradoxical reason that Lowell Weicker, the Republican incumbent, is always in the news because he is, well, so awful. By some people's calibrations, that was the reason Senator Joe McCarthy was always in the news, except that Senator McCarthy wondered whether people were as patriotic as he was, whereas Weicker wonders whether people are as morally magnificent as he is.

I went down to a Rotary Club meeting in Stamford to hear Lowell Weicker's Democratic opponent, Joseph Lieberman, hold forth. Lieberman is the attorney general of the state of Connecticut and he has a reputation for being an eat-'em-alive liberal. He certainly didn't act that way in speaking to the Rotarians, and though it is natural to change emphases just a little depending on what group you are speaking to, one walked away from the Sheraton Hotel doubting that Joe Lieberman deals in forked tongues.

He is a Democrat who: Applauded the use of military force in Grenada. Applauded the anti-terrorist strike in Libya. Applauded the deployment of naval forces to keep open the sea channel in the Persian Gulf. All these positions, Republican Senator Weicker opposed.

Lieberman favors a moment of silence in the public schools; and—as he put it, "in order"—he believes in God, in love of country, and in the work ethic. By contrast, Lowell Weicker prays every day only that there shall never be prayers said at school.

Lieberman believes that Fidel Castro is one of the most finished totalitarians of the century: "He is more of a Marxist-Leninist than Gorbachev." Weicker believes that Castro is "a man of enormous intellect and idealism."

Lieberman believes that one should first seek out a way of cutting expenses and only then go for extra taxes. He'd have voted, however inelegant he thought it as a piece of legislation, in favor of the Gramm-Rudman-Hollings bill, which Weicker opposed.

On abortion (Lowell Weicker will be satisfied only when the Federal Government provides a bonus to any woman who aborts her child), Lieberman looks and sounds genuinely distressed by the subject. It is, he says, a profound moral question. He opposes abortion. But he would not outlaw it. And then he points out that *Roe* v. *Wade*, which turned the country's laws around on the subject of abortion, recognized the right of the state at some point during pregnancy to extend protection to human life. He was saying, in effect, that although it developed under *Roe* v. *Wade* that anyone can get an abortion at any time, in fact, the Supreme Court only meant to license it for early in the pregnancy.

LIEBERMAN spoke with that degree of ideological modesty which highlights the imperial obnoxiousness of the Republican for whose seat he is competing. If politics is heavily a matter of character, as we all are urged to believe in the matter of Dan Quayle, then many independents, and even some Republicans, are going to look at the two alternative candidates and say: Better a Democratic Lieberman, than a Republican Weicker. Some would go so far as to say, Better nobody, than Weicker. James Jackson Kilpatrick, the renowned columnist, mentioned the other day that in all the years he has worked on the Hill, he has yet to hear one human being utter one respectful, let alone admiring, let alone affectionate word about Weicker.

Does that surprise Mr. Weicker? Evidently not. For a while it was thought he would run for governor rather than for the Senate, but he decided to stay in the Senate, he reported to the *Litchfield Times*, in order to "aggravate the New Right." Or as Mr. Weicker, always in search of keener formulations that better express his character, once said at a cocktail party: "I've always been the turd in the punchbowl." An artistic triumph of self-description. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

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TRANS-O-GRAM / KEM PUTNEY

DEFINITIONS

A. Actor's redundant reaction?
D O U B L E T A K E
23 76 204 126 11 149 94 195 54 39

B. Sleepy time in Cancún
A F T E R N O O N
116 74 16 84 30 193 201 42 141

C. Treaty infringement
V I O L A T I O N
186 79 114 135 179 36 13 68 47

D. Educational
I N F O R M A T I V E
136 185 163 153 72 115 175 41 10 87 122

E. One seeking a buck?
D E E R H U N T E R
161 146 192 132 83 154 93 37 19 123

F. Place for inventory
W A R E H O U S E
33 64 207 184 106 17 131 145 170

G. Rudimentary
I N C H O A T E
197 14 101 121 71 35 172 55

H. Like tough skin
L E A T H E R Y
12 144 182 82 58 29 45 129

I. City near Abilene, Tex.
S W E E T W A T E R
151 60 159 206 27 171 6 142 104 50

J. Missed
O V E R L O O K E D
164 69 134 180 22 53 4 117 157 44

K. Basis for Christianity (2 words)
N E W T E S T A M E N T
202 97 24 105 127 80 113 160 91 8 183 61

L. Relative
M O T H E R
205 59 174 81 111 32

M. Per the Left, this Right is dangerous
R E L I G I O U S
148 66 196 46 85 208 96 5 124

N. Locksmith's favorite saw?
K E Y H O L E
48 118 162 25 189 176 92

O. Part of a church service
O F F E R T O R Y
56 138 2 168 100 178 38 188 75

P. Like the term "liberal thought"
O X Y M O R O N
119 98 3 191 125 43 21 169 177 200

Q. Dukakis is leading Massachusetts to this residency
P O S H O U S E
108 62 130 7 143 49 77 209 26

R. New Zealand bird
K I W I
65 181 110 102

S. Nostrils
N A P E S
190 150 57 88 139

T. Wild revelry
O R G Y
173 89 15 152

U. Fleeting desires
W I S H
78 167 140 210 51

V. Like a well-used chimney
S O O T Y
103 86 31 194 128

W. Jewish organization (2 words)
B N A I B R I T H
133 90 155 73 18 112 1 199 34

X. Annelid
E A R T H W O R M
137 40 158 120 28 9 109 165 63

Y. Small food fish
S A L E T
198 52 99 67 166

Z. Soviets think these are made to be broken
T R E A T I E S
95 156 107 147 20 187 70 203

1 W I	2 O F		3 P Y	4 J O	5 M U		6 I A	7 Q	8 K		9 X W	10 D I	11 A L	12 H E	13 C I	14 G N	15 T G		16 B T	17 F O		18 W B	19 E E
	20 Z T	21 P O	22 J L	23 A D		24 K W	25 N H	26 Q	27 I T	28 X H	29 H E	30 B R		31 V O	32 L R		33 F W	34 W M	35 G A	36 C T		37 E T	38 O O
	39 A E	40 X A	41 D T		42 B O	43 P R		44 J D	45 H R	46 M I	47 C N	48 N R		49 Q O	50 I R		51 U S	52 Y M	53 J O	54 A K	55 C E		56 O O
57 S R		58 H H	59 L O	60 I W		61 K T	62 Q O		63 X M	64 F A	65 R K	66 M E		67 Y L	68 C O	69 J V	70 Z E		71 G O	72 D R		73 W I	74 B F
	75 Q Y	76 A O	77 Q U		78 U W	79 C I	80 K S	81 L H		82 H T	83 E H	84 B E		85 M G	86 V O	87 D V	88 S E	89 T R	90 W N	91 K M	92 N E	93 E N	94 A T
	95 Z T	96 M O		97 K	98 P X	99 Y E	100Q R	101G	102R I	103V S	104I E		105K T	106F	107Z E		108Q P	109X O	110R W	111L E	112W R		113K T
114C O		115D M	116B A	117J K	118N E		119P O	120X T	121G H	122D E	123E R	124M S		125P	126A B	127K E	128V Y		129H Y	130Q	131F U	132E R	
133W	134J E	135C	136D	137X E	138O F	139S S		140U I	141B N		142I T	143Q	144H E	145F S	146E E		147Z A	148M R	149A E	150S	151I S		152T Y
153D O	154E U		155W A	156Z R	157J E		158X R	159I E	160K A	161E D	162N Y		163D F	164J O	165X R		166Y T	167U H	168O		169P N	170F E	171I W
	172G T	173T O	174L T	175D A	176N L	177P I	178O T	179C A	180J R	181R I	182H A	183K N		184F E	185D N	186C V	187Z I	188O R	189N O	190S	191P M	192E E	193B N
194V T	195A A	196M L	197G I	198Y S	199W T		200P C	201B C	202K N	203Z S	204A U	205L M	206I E	207F R	208M I	209Q S	210U M						

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition. **See page 64 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.**

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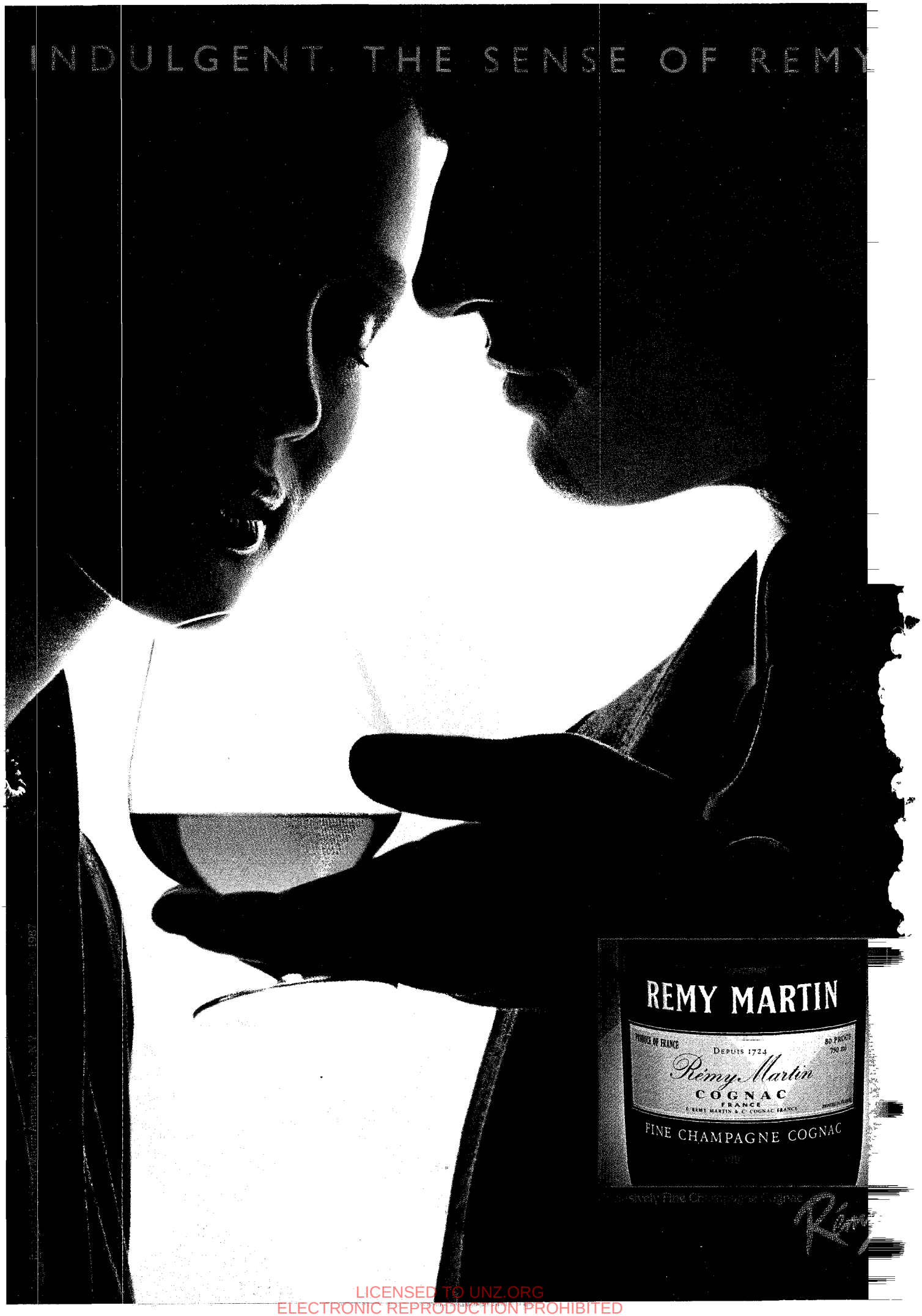

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